

## PAYING AN OLD DEBT.

A MERCHANT, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located upon the Long Wharf, died February 18, 1806, at the age of seventy-five, intestate. His eldest son administered upon the estate. This old gentleman used pleasantly to say, that, for many years, he had fed a very large number of the Catholics, on the shores of the Mediterranean, during Lent, referring to his very extensive connection with the fishing business. In his day he was certainly well known; and to the present time is well remembered by some of the "*old ones down along shore*," from the Gurnet's Nose to Race Point. Among his papers, a package, of very considerable size, was found after his death carefully tied up, and labelled as follows:—"Notes, due-bills, and accounts against sundry persons, down along shore. Some of these may be got by suit, or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is best to burn this package entire."

"About a month," said my informant, "after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some general remarks, our elder brother, the administrator, produced this package, of whose existence we were already apprised, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feeling by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other, towards the fireplace, indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames. It was suggested, by another of our number, that

it might be well, first to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates, and amounts, that we might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day, we again assembled—the list had been prepared—and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, whose amount, including interest, amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

"It was about four months after our father's death," continued my informant, "in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, there came in a hard-favored, little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. I replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate. 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I've come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman.' My brother," continued my informant, "requested him to take a seat, being at the moment engaged with other persons at the desk.

"The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather pocket-book, and began to count over his money. When he had done—and there was quite a parcel of bank notes—as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twisting his thumbs, with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed; and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, *came hard*—and secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the common questions—his name, etc. The original

debt was four hundred and forty dollars—it had stood a long time, and with the interest, amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred. My brother went to his desk, and, after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance—the old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them, which I never shall forget. 'Your note is outlawed,' said my brother; 'it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we cannot recover the amount.' 'Sir,' said the old man, 'I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it,' and he laid his bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over. 'I cannot take this money,' said my brother. The old man became alarmed. 'I have cast simple interest for twelve years, and a little over,' said the old man. 'I will pay you compound interest, if you say so. The debt ought to have been paid long ago, but your father, sir, was very indulgent—he knew I had been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it.'

"My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and taking the bank bills returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that, although

our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them. For a moment the worthy old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated that, from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money together, for the payment of this debt. 'About ten days ago,' said he, 'I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow, and make up the difference, and get the heavy burthen off my spirits. I did so—and now what will my old woman say! I must get back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted—'*I have never seen the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging bread.*' After a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our old father's memory, he went his way rejoicing.

"After a short silence—taking his pencil and making a cast—'There,' said my brother, 'your part of the amount would be so much—contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service.'"

Such is the simple tale which I have told, as it was told to me. Transcript.

## TINCTURE OF ROSES.

**TAKE** leaves of the common rose, place them, without pressing them, in a bottle, pour good spirits upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand until it is required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to otto

of roses. A few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.—*German paper.*

## A B E A U T I F U L S K E T C H .

I HAVE worshipped blue eyes, and there is no radiance so tender as that which gleams from them. But black are more bewildering; and when a shadow of melancholy falls over the forehead, it softens their beauty, while it does not dim them.

\* \* \* If you will go with me now to a glen in the highlands, and a willow shaded nook, I will point out to you the very spot where years ago there stood a rude bench, on which many times I have seen the fair girl I write of, sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling. The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those that knew not her whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was beautiful as a dream. Never was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses so glorions as those. If I tell you that I loved Sarah D——, you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my adoration to my passion. I did love her, but only as a boy loves a being far above him. I used to lie at her feet on the grass, and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned at first how high, how pure, and how lovely, humanity may be.

She was young and beautiful. What need to add she was loved. Her father devoted his fortune and his life to her; and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected, she had numberless suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot now remember all of them, although I then kept the run of them tolerably well. But, of all, there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips

were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R—— was one of the gayest, and best hearted fellows in the world, and, had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D——, you would have said he was made for her, so wild was his laugh, and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the half closed shutter of the window in front of the large white house on the hill, as they rode by, and had you watched the oppressed lip, the broad forehead, the pale face, and the speaking eye of Joseph S——, as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that that fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I, a boy, then prayed.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her, won her whole soul. He did not say much to her in company, nor of her; but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with its eloquence.

I have seen them seated on the bench by the side of the stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul step by step with him from earth to stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell you how it happened that Joseph S—— left his profession, which had been law, and entered the ministry, nor am I able to state, though I might guess at the causes operating in his own mind. The father of Sarah D—— was not a religious man, and, I am sorry to say, was one of a small class of men, who not only deny the truths of our most holy creed, but take every opportunity to cast ridicule on

its teachers. It was, therefore, with great pain that his daughter observed his coolness and rudeness to Joseph S——, and she was not surprised, however much she was grieved, when an open rupture rendered the suspension of his visits necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each knew the secrets of the other's affection, and what need, then, of words to tell it? It would have been but the repetition of hackneyed phrases; and yet there is no music in the world so sweet as those three words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss. But the father of our gentle friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it, if it did exist.

She replied to him, relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse thenceforward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined succeeded this command, during which time they did not meet.

It was a moony night in August that she walked out with me, (then a boy three years her junior) and sat down on the bench by the side of the stream. The air was clear, the sky serene, and no sound disturbed us; but the soft voice of the wind among the tree tops made a pleasant music, and we listened, and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S——.

You will pardon me if I pass over that scene. I dare not attempt a description of it. It was my first lesson in human suffering; and though I have learned it over since then—though the iron has entered my soul and scared it, yet I have never seen, nor do I believe I have ever felt, more agony than those two felt as they parted that night, to meet no more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn word "Forever!"

She awoke at that word, and exclaim-

ed, with startling vehemence, "No! no! there is no such a word, Joe."

"We shall not meet again on earth, my gentle one. And what is earth?"

Her tall form grew more queenly, and her dark eye flashed more vividly, as she rose and exclaimed, in clear and silvery tones—

"And what is earth! These things must end. I will name a tryest, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other land, wait for me on the bank; and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?"

"I will live and die in this memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a long and passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relaxed, and he laid her gently down on the cold seat, bowed over her a moment in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say, "Take care of her, W——," and I strove to recall the life that had gone from her lips, and cheeks, and eyes. It came slowly, and she woke as we wake in the morning, after death has entered the charmed circle, with an oppression on the brain, and a swimming and swollen senselessness of soul.

At length she remembered all; and raised herself with a half articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob; then fell on her knees by the bench, and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly half an hour.

When she arose, her face was as the face of an angel. It wore that same exalted look until she died.

I think she took cold that night. She was never well afterward; and the next winter she passed at the south, returning in the spring, very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S—— was sent abroad by one of the boards of missions of the church; but his health failed, and he resigned his

commission, while he travelled through the eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness. To Sarah D—— they were slow and painful years; yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange tryest she was longing to keep on the other side of that dark river which men so shrink from. She grew feebler daily, as the summer and autumn advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house, perhaps making calls. She returned at evening, and among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend, Joseph S——.

The fair girl was reclining in her large arm chair, looking out of the window at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight which silvered it. There was no startling emotion visible as her mother mentioned the fact, which to her was the most solemn, yet the most joyful news the world could give; for now how much nearer was their meeting! I saw a smile flash across her face as the joyful news reached her ear. I saw her forehead raised to feel the caress which I knew she felt. She was silent for many minutes, and then spoke in feeble, yet very musical accents, and I boyishly wept aloud. Then she smiled, and said, "wait a little longer, W——;" and then after a moment she said, "Mother, is the snow very deep?"

"Not very, dear. Why did you ask?"

"Because, if it were very deep, I thought it would be difficult for old Mr.

Smith to find our lot in the grave-yard. Are all the head-stones covered, mother?"

"What is the matter, Sarah? What if they are covered?"

"Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite as well, that I am dying. I have wished to live only for one thing. I did not long for life, and I dreaded to meet death all alone. But now I shall not. W—— will tell you what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother. I shall not be here any longer. This chair will stand here, and I not any where near it. You will be here, and father; and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in and out, and so on, day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys, dear mother."

As she uttered the last two words she put her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet, watching her matchless features. A smile was flitting across them—now there, now gone. Yet each time it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so pure, and so holy, that I grew bewildered as I gazed, and a strange tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow. Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress escaping from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened lips. It hung there motionless. No breath disturbed its repose. She slept as an angel might sleep, her spirit having departed into the spirit-world.

## CHEMISTRY FOR GIRLS.

SOMETHING THAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ.

BY E. THOMPSON, M. D.

THIS is properly styled the utilitarian age, for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us every where. It has entered the temples of learning and attempted to thrust out important studies because their immediate connection with hard money profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of fine arts and fine follies. Thither young ladies are frequently sent, merely to learn how to dress tastefully and walk gracefully, play, write French, and make waxen plumes and silk spiders—all pretty, but why not inquire "what profit?"

I take my pen, not to write a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They

will thereby be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as nitric muriatic and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine, and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, should enter a cabinet shop and find a saucer of aquafortis (nitric acid) upon the workbench, and in his sport seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives the child is a corpse. Now as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips, for the last time,

how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest or drawer was some calcined magnesia, which, if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perhaps her only boy. O, what are all the bouquets and fine dresses in the world to her compared with such knowledge?

Take another case. A husband returning home on a summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box labelled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently he feels distress, sends for his wife and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she has procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which, if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is laid upon the floor in a tea-cup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs to play; the infant crawls to the tea-cup and drinks. Now what think you would be the mother's joy, if, having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison. She sends for some eggs and breaking them, administers the whites. Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk to her of novels—one little book of natural science has been worth to her more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife.

Suppose a common case. A physician, in a hurry, leaves an overdose of tartar

emetic, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever,) and pursues his way to see another patient ten miles distant. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is despatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister on the cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar emetic into a harmless compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes covered with a green surface—carbonate or the proxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened, that a mother has, for want of knowledge, poisoned her whole family. Sourkrout, when permitted to stand for some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.

Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and many have died, in some instances without suspecting the cause. The lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if under such circumstances she knows that pickles rendered green by verdigris, are poisonous, and that the white of an egg is an antidote.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but our space forbids. Enough has been shown, we hope, to convince the utilitarian that a knowledge of chemistry is an important element in the education of the female sex; that without it they are imperfectly qualified for the duties devolving upon them in the domestic relations, and poorly prepared to meet its emergencies.

## DEATH UPON THE OCEAN.

BY D. C. BARTLETT.

UPON a recent voyage from Liverpool to New York, I became intimately acquainted with a young man, a fellow passenger, who was going on a visit to America. When I first saw him, I was struck with his appearance. He was of slender make, with a glorious forehead, and eyes of delicate blue. His hair was light auburn in its color, and his countenance expressed a nobility and frankness that is rarely found. We were introduced, and from some cause became quite intimate. I soon found that we possessed mutual friends in England. He had come from one of the best families of the upper stratum of what is called the middle class of English society. It is not strange that we became intimate, for I loved his native land, and he loved mine. Upon the pleasant moonlight nights, we sat upon the quarter deck, conversing about the land, the homes, and the friends we were leaving—of England's poets and statesmen; or, shifting the scenes, of our own New England, or the broad, expansive West, with its everlasting prairies. Often the unwelcome sounds of the midnight bells broke upon us, ere we had finished our conversation, so pleasantly had passed the evening away. He was not long in gaining the friendship of all his fellow cabin passengers.

After we had been out a few days, I missed him one morning from his accustomed place at the breakfast table. I did not see him on the deck during the morning, nor at the dinner table. When I visited his state room, to my surprise, I found him lying in his berth, quite ill, with the surgeon in attendance. He had experienced, in the night, a severe attack

from a dangerous disease, and was already very much prostrated. He was glad to see me, and seemed to be in good spirits. Tears came into his eyes when I took his hand, and he wished a fellow passenger, who was a clergyman, to read a portion of the scriptures to him. It was the first time I had seen him low spirited, and it was the last. The clergyman came, and read a solemn psalm to him, and his sadness left him—even he was joyful hearted.

The next morning I was shocked to hear the surgeon say that he could not live forty-eight hours. I went to him—alas! the surgeon was right. The change that had come over him, in a single night, was miraculous. His fair brow was covered with a damp as chill as death, and his auburn hair was clotted with moisture. But his pure blue eyes had not altered—they had the same affectionate, half-sad, half-joyous expression that they had always wore. The flesh had disappeared from his cheeks, for his anguish had been great during the night. I took his hand in mine, but dared not speak, for fear of betraying the emotion of my heart. He said, with a singularly calm and clear voice: "I am going to die, my friend, but—I am not afraid." A pressure was gone from my spirits at once. He went on: "I have a few things that I wish to give my friends—a few trifles—and, if you will call the captain, I will tell you to which I wish them given." I called him, and he continued calmly: "My gold watch I wish my sister Emma to have, and my silver one—give that to Georgy, my little brother Georgy, and my rifle, let it be kept for



him until he is old enough to use it. Give to Meggy the ring on my little finger. To my mother"—His voice faltered when he came to her, and tears crept down his pallid cheeks. "Ah, she was a good mother! Give back the Bible that she gave me, and tell her that her boy did not fear to die!" All else he bequeathed to his father, to dispose of as he pleased. The captain left the room, and he said, looking earnestly up into my face, "Write to my mother, when I am dead, and tell her that everybody was kind to me, and that I had every attention;" (how tender and thoughtful was this wish of his, to save his mother's heart from pain!) "that *I* did not fear death. Tell Meggy that I love her in death; you should see her, she has such soft, meek eyes, and her hair curls so beautifully about her fair forehead. Poor Meggy! And—and—there is one of whom I have not spoken—Mary —: I was engaged to her—give my best ring to her, and tell her that I hope to meet her in heaven." Becoming exhausted, I left him for a short time. When I came back, he said: "I wish once more to see the ocean, in whose depths my grave will soon be made; let me gaze at it once more!" Alas! he was too weak to be raised upon deck—poor fellow! And then he wished a bucket of sea water brought to him. His eyes were suffused with a smile when he saw it. He put his hand in it, and bathed his forehead, saying, I could hardly tell whether sadly or joyously, "Soon shall my body be in the dark blue sea." There was something magnificent in that self-baptism of his—his fearlessness was so triumphant over death.

All the day the wind had been increasing in strength, and at night it blew a hurricane. Towards midnight the sea became frightful—the waves dancing over us amidships, or striking our side, sounding like heavy thunder. Many of the passengers were frightened, nearly

all. They were up, and, when the captain came down into the cabin, they gathered about him with anxious eyes, and earnest questions. I was up all night with the dying one—some of the time holding him in his birth; a part of the time he lay in my arms. He was perfectly calm, and his fearlessness was a rebuke to those who were pale with fright from the storm. At day-break it had reached its height; at day-light the poor young man said: "I thank you all for your kindness to me—farewell forever!" and died.

The storm went suddenly down, and the next morning there was a perfect calm, and the canvass was idly flapping in the air. The sun shone calmly upon the beautiful sea—the air was balmy, like that of the South; but we were all sad, for we were to see what few of us had ever seen before—a sea burial. I will not describe the ceremony, for abler pens than mine have done so. I will say nothing of the little band that sadly stood at the gangway, and saw the corpse stretched upon the death-plank; of the horrid plunge of the body into the mysterious ocean—nothing. All that gentle day, little parties were clustered together, talking about the poor young man. All of us were sad.

When the evening came on, and the full moon shone upon us with a lustrous purity, I went out upon the quarter-deck, and mused long upon the young man, his English home, and those who dwelt there. His mother, perhaps, was praying at that moment, a safe voyage for him—a happy sojourn in the New World, and a happy, O! how happy! return; but the sea was his mother now—poor woman! His dear Meggy, "with her hair curling beautifully about her brow," lay, at that moment, perhaps, kissing him in her dreams. Dream on, Meggy! too soon will you wake to the stern agonies of life! Then I thought of the time when every post

would be eagerly watched by this home, for they expected a letter from *him*. And a letter does come, with a foreign post-mark, but in a strange hand. The father grows pale, as he looks at it: the mother, watching his countenance, anxiously asks why he is pale. He hands the letter to her, and she covers up her face, and shudders. *They dare not open it.* The brother does, and reads—the letter that I wrote to them. Shivered, in a moment, are all their beautiful hopes, and they weep in anguish—and Meggy! she is out among the flowers, playing; they have not told her. The brother goes to her, and says: “Come to me, Meggy;” the girl runs to him, and he bursts into tears—he cannot tell her what he wishes. He grows stronger, and he tells her that her brother is dead, and is buried in the blue ocean, and will never come back. She asks sadly: “Will he never, never come back?” “Never, Meggy;” and the beautiful child cries as if its heart would break; but the dark ocean will not heed its cries, nor its mother’s, but hugs him as a trophy in its embrace.

## DEVOTION OF A WOMAN'S LOVE.

## AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

IN the following sketch the reader has one of the most striking instances of female heroism and devotedness, and we feel the more pleasure in citing it, as the nation to which our heroine belongs, at this moment so much excites our sympathy, which we think is worthily bestowed, if it can boast of many such characters as the one we are going to describe:

Whoever has followed the late tide of events in Europe with the interest it commands, knows to what extent the measures of Austria and its ally, Russia, are carried on to frustrate the attempts of Hungary for national independence. Vague accounts of wholesale executions of prisoners of war who fell into the hands of the Austrians, have also reached us from time to time, but the Austrian papers are silent on the subject, and the little that is known has been gathered from private letters which escaped interception. Certain it is, that fearful scenes have occurred at Presburg and Pesth, before they were retaken by the Hungarians, and the gallows has bent beneath the weight of unfortunate men, whom treachery or overwhelming numbers threw into the hands of the tyrants.

In an encounter of a body of Austrian Uhlans, with a troop of Hungarian Husars, a young officer leading the latter fought with the most distinguished gallantry, such as so noble a cause alone could inspire him with. Dealing death with every blow, he cut his way to the officer commanding the enemy, wrenched the sword from his grasp, and summoned him to surrender. A fresh struggle, however, ensued, and the Austrian was thrown from his horse mortally wounded. At

the same moment, the horse of the Hungarian, stabbed by the lance of an Uhlan, made one more leap, and fell, throwing Captain Corab, his rider, so heavily on the ground, that he became senseless. Soon after this the fight was decided; another troop of Austrians came suddenly upon the combatants, and the Hungarians, who gave, but took no quarter, in the certainty of an inglorious death if made prisoners, were obliged to fly.

Captain Corab was found by the enemy to be merely stunned by the fall of his horse, and soon recovered. He appealed to the generosity of his captors, and begged them to shoot him at once, that he might be spared the disgrace of death by the rope; but his appeal was in vain. He was marched off to the quarters of the Colonel in command, and was notified that he would be removed to Presburg, there to stand his trial, and expiate his crime on the gallows.

Corab's troop, when they saw their Captain fall, thought him dead, and reported this at the Hungarian Head Quarters; but the next day deserters came from the enemy's lines, relating how the Captain had been made prisoner, and what would be his fate. Those who had not mourned Corab's death, supposing that he had gloriously met it on the field of battle, this intelligence filled with despair. The officers went *en masse* to the commander-in-chief, praying for an attack on the lines of the enemy; but the position of the army was such as to bring certain destruction upon them all, if unsuccessful, and they were consequently refused.—Various other schemes were made to liberate Corab, but had also to be aban-

done again; till at last an offer was made to exchange him for one of their officers of higher rank—but this also being refused, every hope to save their comrade seemed gone, as they were well aware that Corab would be tried and condemned as a deserter, having received his education at the military cadet school at Vienna.

Early the next morning an English lady, with her companion and servants, desired of the Hungarian general to be conducted to his outposts on her way to Presburg. This was granted, and the travellers, after leaving the Hungarians, passed the Austrian lines, and afterwards arrived at Schemler, a town on the north road, and then the head quarters of Lieut. Gen. Bach, who came and paid his respects to the lady. At this place her companion stopped, saying to the attendants that she could not proceed from illness, and severe suffering, though two hours after that she went out, and on her return, told the inn-keeper that she had taken private lodgings, to which she would immediately remove.

On the same evening a young Italian artist, named Trapalli, introduced himself to the commanding officer, stating that he had that day arrived from the north, and had on the road met an English lady whom he had formerly known at Milan, and who had entrusted him with a note for the general, which he now begged to hand. The note merely contained a request for a favorable reception of Mr. Trapalli, he being a well-known and esteemed friend of the writer. General Bach, it appears, overlooked the necessity of asking for the gentleman's passport, probably thinking that his subordinate officers had attended to that, and gave Trapalli a special order to all officials, commanding them to treat the Italian with politeness, and facilitate his progress southward. Trapalli set off almost instantly, arrived at the quarters of the Colonel commanding, who held Corab in

custody. Here the artist was well received; the Colonel being a native of the Lombard provinces, and glad to speak in a language familiar to him, yet he perceived something extraordinary in the appearance of his guest, but no suspicions arose in him, the command of his superior officer vouching for the identity of the party he recommended.

Trapalli stopped the whole day, and hearing that the Uhlans had lately made some prisoners, he requested permission to see them, which was granted. Corab was the first they visited. He begged the Colonel to be left alone, as his days were numbered, but on seeing the other visitor, he started amazed to his feet, made one step forward, when instantly recovering himself, he appeared indignant at his privacy being trespassed on at such a time, by strangers, even. Both visitors withdrew hereupon, and after seeing some other prisoners, the Italian was satisfied, and at night took his leave of the Colonel, purposing to resume his journey early next morning, and a sergeant was ordered to see him to the outposts. Being shown home by this person, Trapalli incidentally mentioned how much he would have wished to take the likeness of the captive Hungarian; and after showing a number of gold pieces, came plump to the question, whether the sergeant thought it could be done yet. After a good deal of persuasion and bribing, the Austrian consented to it, provided it could be done that night by candle-light. Trapalli assured him the prisoner would have no objection to it, as he would promise him to give his parents a copy of the likeness. They, therefore, both went to the temporary prison of Corab, and soon were in his presence.

Our readers will have guessed that Trapalli was not the person he gave himself out for. Instead of an Italian artist, there stood before Corab his affianced bride, Franciska Jaddo, a noble Hungarian woman, who was now ready

to bring greater sacrifices to liberate him. She it was who, as the companion of the English lady, stopped at Schemler, where she assumed man's dress, and with the boldness which characterizes woman in the hour of greatest danger, had, by waiting on the commanding general, faced it in its very den. Her intimate acquaintance with the Italian language enabled her to sustain her part with the Uhlan officer, and now in the presence of the sergeant, she hesitated not a moment, and yielded to the affectionate embraces of Corab. The Austrian, meanwhile, stood lost in amazement, but Franciska went up to him, discovered to him her sex, and the relation existing between her and the prisoner; told him he had forgot his duty in allowing her to see Corab, that he would consequently be punished if detected, and finally offered him a very considerable sum if he would aid in Corab's escape.

There was scarcely an alternative left, and the Austrian consented—but when Franciska told Corab that she would have to remain in his stead, as she had only the General's passport for herself, her persuasion had well nigh proved fruitless. She spoke of the certain and disgraceful death which awaited Corab if he remained, and represented her release as certain and speedy. Yet women, as well as men, had been shot and hanged by the imperialists, and she knew it well, too, but she tried to forget it. She had not been captured with arms in her hands, as other Hungarian women, who had fought at the head of regiments which they had themselves raised, and she assured Corab that her devotedness would procure her the mercy of the Austrians. She then spoke of services which he might render his country; of his comrades who were so anxious about him; she drew a lively picture of what he might again perform, if free, in pitched battle with the hated oppressor, and concluded by adjuring him by the happiness they would hereafter

enjoy, to make his escape. And he consented. Their parting was that of kind, of affectionate friends, who separated for a short time only. Corab and the sergeant made good their escape, and were joyfully received at the Hungarian camp.

The astonishment of the Uhlan colonel, when the escape of Corab, and the finding of another person in his stead, was reported to him, was no doubt very great; but all that has been ascertained is, that Franciska was on the same day conducted to Schemler, and from thence to Presburg. The following day a Hungarian spy returned from that place, and brought the intelligence that the lady was to be tried on the morrow, the general impression being that she would be executed. A parlementaire was instantly dispatched, but he came too late—the noble woman had been tried, and in spite of the intercession of many Austrian ladies of high rank, had been executed the same day. The details of this barbarous act are not known, but she is said to have died with the same unflinching courage which had signalized her efforts for the liberation of Corab.

Two days after this mournful news had reached the head quarters, a large number of hussars and other officers, with a few private soldiers, all mounted, issued with the first break of day from the Hungarian camp. Corab led them towards the Austrian lines. The first sentinel, upon whom they came unawares, threw his arms from him, and begged for life, but those whose captive he was knew mercy no longer. The Hungarians passed over his dead body, and were immediately discovered by another sentinel who gave the alarm. Then with a loud and fearful cry the valiant band threw itself upon the Uhlan encampment, which lay close before them. They were met by three times their number, but the shock was irresistible. The Uhlans were broken and fled in all directions, closely pursued by their foes.

The Colonel rallied a few, with whom he made a bold dash at the Hungarians. The encounter was a terrible, but short one, the Colonel, with all those who followed, were cut down. who had courted, and found death.— The name of the English lady, who, at her own great peril, assisted Franciska in executing her design, is not mentioned ; but a future day will bring it to light, and ensure her that esteem and admiration which her generosity deserves.

Within two hours the victors returned to their quarters ; they had lost but nine of their number, among whom was Corab,

Boston Olive Branch.

## FAIRY CHANGES.

Wildman, H B

*Ladies' Garland and Family Wreath Embracing Tales, Sketches, Incidents, History, Poetry, Music, e...* Mar 1850; 4, 3

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## FAIRY CHANGES.

R Y H. B. WILDMAN.

### II.

I SAW a drooping flower beside the mountain hedge. It was a pale and sickly looking plant—for the parching drouth, and the scorching sun, had seared its tender stalk, and drained the dewy moisture from its petal cup. Its withered leaves seemed ready to fall from the fragile stem; while a group of little violets were peeping out from their mossy bed, as if to witness the fate of the disconsolate, and perishing gem. The lark had forsaken the hedge—the little stream that had nursed the tender flower, had ceased its merry song, and its channel was dry. As I stood musing in deep meditation, a change came over the scene. A Fairy came and touched the tender plant, and instantly it revived! Its faded leaves resumed a vermillion hue—a genial shower descended, and its fragrance spread abroad on the wings of the summer breeze. The feathered orchestra again returned—the little stream resumed its “ocean march,” and all was beauty, happiness, and joy. “The dying was restored.”

I saw a weeping mother beside a fireless hearth. Her attenuated form bore the semblance of a pale and sickly looking plant—for sorrow and care had seared her tender heart, and drained the fountain of her happiness. Her desponding heart seemed ready to sink down in its frail tenement; while a group of little children were peeping out through their tears, as if to fathom the cause of her suffering and sorrow. The husband had forsaken his home—the little stream of affection that had nursed the family circle, had ceased its holy song, and its channel was dry. As I stood musing in deep meditation, a change came over the scene. An angel-spirit came and touched the mother's breast, and instantly she revived! Her faded countenance resumed its wonted cheerfulness—a genial shower of happiness descended, and its blessings spread abroad on the wings of a Paradise-breeze. The husband again returned—the little stream of affection resumed its family march, and all was peace, happiness, and joy. The Father had signed the Pledge.

## FIRST QUARRELS.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I AM one of the many from whom Heaven has seen fit to take away the individual interests of life, that, perchance, they might become universal. Sometimes I could almost liken myself to a mirror, which receives on its silent, solitary breast the fleeting images that pass it by, and so takes them, for the time being, as companions to its own void heart, while it makes of them life-pictures to be reflected abroad. These passing interests I create for myself continually. They seem, too, to meet me voluntarily on every side, not merely in society, but in chance rencounters along the waysides of life. I rarely journey five miles from my home without discovering, or, if you will, *manufacturing*, some pleasant and useful passage in human life, which makes me feel one with my fellow-creatures, as though the world stretched out its loving hand to the solitary one, and called her "Sister!"

The other day I took my way homeward. Reader, I may as well tell the truth, that I am a little, old maid, living in London, and *working* hard that I may live at all; also that, in order to add a small mite to my slender modicum of health, I had abided for a brief space at that paradise of cockneys—Southend. A very respectable paradise it is, too, with its lovely green lanes extending close to the shore of what is all but the sea; its pleasant cliffs, feathered with rich underwood, which the tide almost kisses at high water; making the whole neighborhood as pretty a compound of seaside and rural scenery as the lovers of both would wish. When my "fairie barque" (the London Steamboat Dryad, please, reader) wafted me from thence, I felt a slight pain at my heart. One suffers many

such on quitting earth's pleasant nooks. "I ought to have got used to 'good-bye' by this time," thought I to myself, half patiently, half sadly, and began to divert my attention by noticing the various groups on deck. I always do so on principle, and it is hard if I do not find some "bit" of human nature to study, or some form of outward beauty in man, woman or child, to fall in love with. Travelling alone, (as I ever do travel—what should I fear, with my quiet face and my forty years?) I had plenty of opportunity to look around, and soon my eye fell on two persons, meet subjects to awaken interest.

They were a young couple who sat opposite to me—so close that I could hear every word above a whisper. But whispering with them seemed pleasantest, at least for a long time. I should have taken them for lovers, save for a certain air of cheerful unreserve which lovers never have, and an occasional undisguised "my dear" falling from both their lips. At last, keeping a watch over the girl's left hand, I saw it ungloved, and thereon the wedding-ring! It rested with a sort of new importance, as though the hand was unused to its weight. Unconsciously she played and fidgeted with its shining circlet, and then recollected herself with a smile and blush. It was quite clear my new pets were a bridegroom and bride.

Here, then, was a page in human life open before me: I tried to read it line by line, romancing where I could not read. Full opportunity I had, for they took no notice of me: they saw nothing in the world but their own two selves. Happy blindness! I believe much in physiognomy, so I amused myself with deciphering theirs. The girl's face was strikingly pretty. There was the high brow, show-



ing little talent, but much sense; the candid, loving, and yet half-wicked dark eyes; the straight nose, and short, curled upper lip; but there the face changed, as faces sometimes do, from beauty into positive ugliness. The lower lip was full—pouting—showing that it *could* look both sulky and sensual; and the chin retreated—in fact, positively “ran away!” I said to myself, “If the under half of the character matches the under half of the face, the young husband there will find a few more difficulties with the wife he has married than with the ‘lassie’ he wooed.” So I turned to his countenance, and speculated thereon. It was decidedly handsome—Greek in its outline; in expression so sweet as to be almost feeble; at least so I thought at first when he was smiling, as he ever did when he looked at her. But in a few minutes of silence I saw the mouth settle into firm horizontal lines, indicating that with his gentleness was united that resolute will and clear decision without which no man can be the worthy head of a household—respected, loved, and obeyed. For in all households *one* must rule; and we be to that family wherein its proper head is either a petty tyrant, or, through his own weakness, a dethroned and contemned slave!

Therefore, when I noticed the pretty, wilful ways, and sometimes half silly remarks, of the bride, I felt that this young, thoughtless creature might yet have cause to thank Heaven that she had married a man who knew how to rule as well as cherish her.

Until now I had not speculated on their station or calling; it was enough for me that they belonged to the wide family of humanity. But as my musings wandered idly on into their future life, I took this also into consideration. Both had a certain grace and ease in mien and speech, though, through the wife's tones, I distinguished the vague drawl which infects most classes of Londoners. But the hus-

band looked and spoke like a gentleman. I felt sure he was such, even though he might stand behind a counter. A third individual broke their *tete-a-tete*—a middle-aged cockney, *père de famille*—evidently some beach acquaintance made at Southend. His chance question produced an answer to my inward wondering.

“Oh,” said the bride, “we could only stay at Southend a few days, because of my——” She paused a moment, and then changed the word *husband* into “Mr. Goodriche. He cannot be longer away from business.”

The young bridegroom, then, was “in business”—one of those worthy, laboring bees who furnish the community with honey. I thought how hard he must have toiled by counter or in shop to have gained so early in life a home and a wife. I respected him accordingly.

My “interesting couple” began a lively chat with their new companion: at least the wife did. She put forth all her smiles, all that battery of fascination with which she had probably before her marriage won her spurs on the field of conquest, and been dubbed “a most shocking flirt.” And in the shadow that gathered over the quiet husband's face, I saw the reflection of that which must often have bitterly troubled the peace of the still more retiring lover. True, the girl was doing nothing wrong—her new friend was old enough to have been her father, so no jealousy could be aroused; but still she was taking her attention and conversation from her husband to give it to a perfect stranger. She would not have done so had he been only her lover still. Alas! that women should take so much pains to win love, and so little to keep it!

Each minute the young husband spoke less, and his countenance grew darker. She only laughed and chattered the more. Foolish—foolish one! There came on a heavy shower, and there was a rush below. “Come with us to the further end; I will find a place for you,” kindly

said the blithe young wife, turning back to the little old maid. I thanked her, but declined. For the world, I would not have prevented the chance that, in the solitude of a crowd, some word or look might pass between husband and wife to take away his gloom. Yet when I left the cabin, I saw her sitting—bonnetless, and laughing with a childish gayety—between her silent, grave husband, and the disagreeable old man.

I went to my quiet place at the stern of the boat, and turned away so that I could see only the turbid river and the dull gray sky. It was as complete solitude as though I had been on Robinson Crusoe's raft in the midst of the Pacific. I pondered over life and its mysteries, as one does who is used to loneliness—who is accustomed to dwell, as it were, on a mountain top, seeing the world and its inhabitants move below like puppets in a show. And herein does fate half atone for ties riven, and ties never formed—that in such a life one learns to forget self: and all individual joys and griefs, loves and hatreds, are swallowed up in universal sympathies.

I pondered much on the two young creatures I had left below; and, woman-like, I thought chiefly of the woman. She seemed to me like a child toying with a precious jewel, little knowing what a fearful thing it is to throw away love, or to play lightly, mockingly, with those feelings on which must rest the joy or wo of two human souls for a lifetime. And passing from this individual case, I thought solemnly, almost painfully, of the strange mysteries of human life, which seem often to bestow the priceless boon of love where it is unvalued and cast away. Unconsciously I repeated the well-known words, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away." But my soul answered meekly, "Only on earth, and life is not long—not long!"

And turning once more to the group

of my fellow-voyagers, I saw the two in whom I took such an interest. They were standing together, a little apart, leaning on the vessel's side. He was talking to her, not angrily, but gravely—earnestly. In the expression of his face I scarce recognized the man who had borne smilingly all her idle jests, sportive contradictions and caprices, an hour ago. She tried them again for a few minutes: but in vain. Then she hung her head, and pouted. Soon quick, willful answers came. I heard them not; but I was sure of the fact from her flushed cheek and sparkling eye, as she disengaged her arm from his. Man's patience is never eternal, not even in the honeymoon; he spoke to her firmly, while his face darkened into positive anger, and then there was a sullen silence between them.

The time passed, and still they remained in the same position together; but oh, what a sea of sullen anger was between them! Neither saw the other's face; but I saw both. He stood gazing up into the leaden clouds, his mouth firmly set, and yet twitching every now and then with suppressed feeling. Was it, perchance, the bitter disappointment, almost agony, of the man who has with pain and toil built for himself a household hearth, and finds it trodden into ruins by the very idol whom he hoped to place there forever? A foolish girl! wishing to try your power, and keep the honored husband a tyrannized lover still! Do you think what it is you do? When you suffer your own hands to tear down the fair adornments of idolatry with which his passion has decked you, and appear before him, not as an angelic ideal, but a selfish, sullen, or vain woman, little know you that it may take years of devotion to efface the bitterness produced by that one hour—the first when he sees *you as you are!*

The young husband glanced once only at his wife; but that was enough. The lower lip—that odious lower lip, which

had at first awoke my doubts!—was the very image of weak, pouting sullenness. But its weakness was its safeguard against continued obstinacy; and I saw—though the husband did not see—that, as she bent over the side, tear after tear dropped silently into the river. There was hope still!

She was leaning over the gangway door, a place scarce dangerous, save to the watchful anxiety of affection. However, the fact seemed to strike her husband; for he suddenly drew her away, though formally, and without any sign of wishing for reconciliation. But this one slight act showed the thoughtfulness, the love—oh, if she had only answered it by one kind look, one word of atonement! But no; there she stood—immovable. Neither would yield. I would have given the world could I have whispered in the wife's ear, "For the love of Heaven—for the love of him—for the peace of your whole life, be the first to say, forgive me! Right or wrong, never mind. Which-ever have erred, it is your place—as weakest and most loving—to yield first. Oh, did you but know the joy, the blessedness of creeping close to your husband's wounded, perchance angry heart, and saying—Take me in there again; let us not be divided more! And he would take you, ay, at once; and love you the more for the forbearance which never even asked of his pride the concession that he was also wrong."

Perhaps this long speech was partly written in his eyes; for when, by chance, they met the young wife's, she turned away, coloring crimson; and at that moment up came the enemy once more, in the shape of the intrusive elderly gentleman; but the husband's lecture, whatever it was, had its effect in the girl's demeanor. She drew back with a quiet womanly reserve, strongly contrasted with her former coquettish forwardness, and left "Mr. Goodriche" in possession of the field. And I liked the husband ten times

better for the gentlemanly dignity with which he shook off all trace of ill-humor and conversed with the intruder. The boyish lover seemed changed into the firm, self-dependent man. And when the wife timidly crept up, and put her arm through his, he turned round, and smiled upon her. Oh, how gladly, yet how shyly, she answered the slight token of peace! And I said to myself, "That man will have a just, and firm, yet tender sway; he will make a first-rate head of a family!"

I saw little more of them until near the journey's end. They were then sitting in the half-empty cabin alone together; for, to my delight, and perhaps theirs, the obnoxious individual of middle age had landed at Blackwall. Very quiet they seemed; all the exuberant happiness which at first had found vent in almost childish frolic was passed away. The girl no longer laughed and jested with her young husband; but she drew close to his side, her head bending toward his shoulder, as though, but for the presence of a stranger, it would fain droop there, heavy with its weight of penitence and love. Yet, as I watched the restless look in her eyes, and the faint shadow that still lingered on the young man's face, I thought how much had been perilled, and how happy—ay, ten times happier—would both have felt had the first quarrel never been!

In the confusion of departure, I lost my young friends, as I thought, forever; but on penetrating the mysterious depths of an omnibus, I heard a pleasant voice addressing me—"So you are again our fellow-passenger to —?"

But I will not say where, lest the young couple should "speer" for me, and demand why I dared to "put them in print." And yet they would scarce be wroth did they know the many chords they touched, and the warm interest they awakened in a poor withered heart which has so few.

It was the dreariest of wet nights in

London—Heaven knows how dreary that is!—but they did not seem to feel it at all. They were quite happy—quite gay. I wondered whether for them was prepared the deepest bliss of earth—the first “coming home;” and I felt almost sure of it when the husband called out to the conductor, “Set us down at ——;” naming a quiet, unobtrusive, new-built square. He said it with the half-conscious importance of one who gives a new address, thinking the world must notice what is of so much interest to himself; and then the young people looked at one another, and smiled.

I said to the wife—drawing the bow at a venture—“What a miserable night!—Is it not pleasant coming home?”

She looked first at her husband, and then turned to me, her whole face beaming and glowing with happiness, “Oh, it is—it is!”

They bade me good-night, and disappeared. I leaned back in my dark corner, my heart very full; it had just strength to give them a silent blessing, and no more. I remembered only that I had been young once, and that I was now an old maid of forty years.

**Wednesday.**—Took a cold dinner in a basket with us to-day, and ate our rusticall repast on ye skirt of a wood, where we could see ye squirrels at theire gambols. Mr. Agnew lay on ye grass, and Rose took out her knitting, whereat he laught, and sayd she was like ye Dutch women, that must knit, whether mourning or feasting, and even on ye Sabbath. Having laught her out of her work, he drew forth Mr. George Herbert's poems, and read us a strayn which pleased Rose and me soe much, that I shall copy it herein, to have always by me.

How fresh, oh Lord ; how sweet and clean

Are thy returns ! e'en as ye flowers in spring,  
To which, beside their owne demesne,

The late pent frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
Grief melts away like snow in May,

As if there were no such cold thing.

Who could have thought my shrivelled heart

Woulde have recovered greenness ? it was gone  
Quite underground, as flowers depart

To see their mother root, when they have blown,  
Where they together, alle ye hard weather,

Dead to the world, keep house alone.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power !

Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell  
And up to heaven in an hour,

Making a chiming of a passing bell.

We say amiss " this or that is ; "

Thy word is alle, if we could spell.

Oh that I once past changing were !

Fast in thy Paradise, where no flowers can wither ;

Manie a spring I shoot up faire,

Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither,

Nor doth my flower want a spring shower,

My sins and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,

Still upwards bent, as if heaven were my own,  
Thy anger comes, and I decline.—

What frost to that ? What pole is not ye zone  
Where alle things burn, when thou dost turn,

And ye least frown of thine is shewn ?

And now, in age, I bud agayn.

After soe manie deaths, I bud and write,

I once more smell the dew and rain,

And wish versing ! Oh my onlie light !

It cannot be that I am he

On whom thy tempests fell alle night ?

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,

To make us see we are but flowers that glide,

Which, when we once can feel and prove,

Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.

Who would be more, swelling their store,

Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

**Thursday.**—Father sent over Diggory with a letter for me from deare Robin ; alsoe, to ask when I was minded to return home, as mother wants to goe to Sandford. Fixed the week after next ; but Rose says I must be here agayn at ye apple-gathering. Answered Robin's letter. He looketh not for choyce of fine words ; nor noteth an error here and there in ye spelling.

**Tuesday.**—Life flows away here in such unmarked tranquillitie, that one hath nothing whereof to write, or to remember what distinguished one day from another. I am sad, yet not dulle ; methinks I have grown some yeares older since I came here. I can fancy elder women feeling much as I doe now. I have nothing to desire, nothing to hope, that is likelie to come to pass—nothing to regret, except I begin soe far back, that my whole life hath neede, as 'twere, to begin over agayn.—

Mr. Agnew translates to us portions of Thuanus his historie, and ye letters of Theodore Beza, concerning ye French reformed church ; oft prolix, yet interesting, especially with Mr. Agnew's comments and allusions to our own time. On ye other hand, Rose reads Davila, ye sworne apologiste of Catherine de' Medicis, whose charming Italian even I can comprehend ; but alle is false and plausible. How sad, that ye wrong partie shoulde be victorious ! Soe it may befall in this land ; though, indeede, I have hearde so much bitter rayling on bothe sides, that I know not which is right. The line of demarkation is not soe distinctly drawn, methinks, as 'twas in France. Yet it cannot be right to take up arms agaynst constituted authorities ?—Yet, and if those same authorities abuse their trust ! Nay, women cannot understand these matters, and I thank Heaven they need . . . Onlie, they cannot help siding with those they

love; and sometimes those they love are on opposite sides.

Mr. Agnew sayth, the secular arm shoulde never be employed in spirituall matters, and that y<sup>e</sup> Hugenots committed a grave mistake in choosing princes and admirals for their leaders, insteade of simple preachers with Bibles in their hands; and he askt, "Did Luther or Peter the Hermit most manifestlie labor with the blessing of God?"

—I have noted y<sup>e</sup> heads of Mr. Agnew's readings, after a fashion of Rose's, in order to have a shorte, comprehensive account of y<sup>e</sup> whole; and this hath abridged my journalling. It is the more profitable to me of y<sup>e</sup> two, changes the bad current of thought, and though an unaccustomed task, I like it well.

*Saturday.* — On Monday I return to Forest Hill. I am well pleased to have yet another Sheepscote sabbath. To-day we had y<sup>e</sup> rare event of a dinner-guest; soe full of what y<sup>e</sup> rebels are doing, and all y<sup>e</sup> horrors of strife, that he seemed to us quiete folks like y<sup>e</sup> denizen of another world.

*Forest Hill, August 3.*—Home agayn, and mother hath gone on her long intended visitt to uncle John, taking with her y<sup>e</sup> two youngest. Father much pre-occupide, by reason of y<sup>e</sup> supplies needed for his M<sup>ay</sup>'s service; soe that, sweet Robin being away, I find myselfe lonely. Harry rides with me in y<sup>e</sup> evening, but y<sup>e</sup> mornings I have alle to myselfe; and when I have fulfilled mother's behests in y<sup>e</sup> kitchen and still-room, I have naught but to read in our somewhat scant collection of books, the moste parte whereof are religious. And (not on that account, but by reason I have read y<sup>e</sup> most of them before) methinks I will write to borrow some of Rose; for change of reading hath now become a want. I am minded also, to seek out and minister unto some poore folk after her fashion. Now that I am

queen of the larder, there is manie a wholesome scrap at my disposal, and there are likewise sundrie physiquies in my mother's closet, which she addeth to year by year, and never wants, we are soe seldom ill.

*Aug. 5.*—Dear father sayd this evening, as we came in from a walk on y<sup>e</sup> terrace, "My sweet Moll, you were ever the light of y<sup>e</sup> house; but now, though you are more staid than of former time, I find you a better companion than ever. The last visitt to Sheepscote hath evened your spiritts."

Poor father! he knew not how I lay awake and wept last night, for one I shall never see agayn, nor how the terrace walk minded me of him. My spiritts may seem even, and I exert myself to please; but, within, all is dark shade, or at best, gray twilight; and my spiritts are, in fact, worse here than they were at Sheepscote, because, here, I am continually thinking of one whose name is never uttered; whereas, there, it was mentioned naturalie and tenderlie, though sadly.—

I will forthe to see some of y<sup>e</sup> poor folk.

*Same night.*—Resolved to make y<sup>e</sup> circuit of the cottages, but onlie reached y<sup>e</sup> first, wherein I found poor Nell in such grief of body and mind, that I was avised to wait with her a long time. Askt why she had not sent to us for relief; was answered that she had thought of doing soe, but was feared of making too free. After a lengthened visitt, which seemed to relieve her mind, and certaynlie relieved mine, I bade her farewell, and at y<sup>e</sup> wicket met my father coming up with a playn-favored but scholarlike-looking reverend man. He sayd, "Moll, I could not think what had become of you." I answered, I hoped I had not kept him waiting for dinner—poor Nell had entertayned me longer than I wisht, with y<sup>e</sup> catalogue of her troubles. The stranger, looking attentively at me, observed that may be

the poor woman had entertained an angel unawares; and added, "Doubt not, madam, we would rather await our dinner than that you should have curtailed your message of charity." Hitherto, my father had not named this gentleman to me; but now he said, "Child, this is the Reverend Doctor Jeremy Taylor, chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty and whom you know I have heard more than once preach before the king since he abode in Oxford." Thereon I made a low reverence, and we walked homewards together. At first, he discoursed chiefly with my father on the troubles of the times, and then he drew me into the dialogue, in the course of which I let fall a saying of Mr. Agnew's which drew from the reverend gentleman a respectfuller look I felt I no way deserved. So then I had to explain that the saying was none of mine, and felt ashamed he should suppose me wiser than I was, especially as he commended my modesty. But we progressed well, and he soon had the discourse all to himself, for Squire Paice came up, and detained father, while the doctor and I walked on. I could not help reflecting how odd it was, that I, whom nature had endowed with such a very ordinary capacity, and scarce any taste for letters, should continually be thrown into the company of the cleverest of men—first, Mr. Milton; then Mr. Agnew; and now, this Doctor Jeremy Taylor. But like the other two, he is not merely clever, he is Christian and good. How much I learnt in this short interview! for short it seemed, though it must have extended over a good half hour. He said, "Perhaps, young lady, the time may come when you shall find safer solace in the exercise of the charities than of the affections. Safer: for, not to consider how a successful or unsuccessful passion for a human being of like infirmities with ourselves, oft stains and darkens and shortens the current of life, even the chastened love of a mother for her child, as Octavia who swooned at

"Tu, Marcellus, eris"—or of wives for their husbands, as Artemisia and Laodamia, sometimes amounting to idolatry—nay, the love of friend for friend, while all is sweet influences and animating transports, yet exceeding the reasonableness of that of David for Jonathan, or of our blessed Lord for St. John and the family of Lazarus, may procure far more torment than profit; even if the attachment is reciprocal, and well grounded, and equally matched, which often it is not. Then interpose human tempers, and chills, and heats, and slyghtes, fancied or intended, which make the vexed soul ready to wish it had never existed. How small a thing is a human heart! you might grasp it in your little hand; and yet its strifes and agonies are enough to distend a skin that should cover the whole world! But, in the charities, what peace! yea, they distill even from the unthankful, blessing him that gives more than him that receives; while, in the main, they are laid out at better interest than our warmest affections, and bring in a far richer harvest of love and gratitude. Yet, let our affections have their fitting exercise too, staying ourselves with the reflection, that there is greater happiness, after all things said, in loving than in being loved, save by the God of love who first loved us, and that they who dwell in love dwell in *Him*."

Then he went on to speak of the manifold acts and divisions of charity; as much, methought, in the vein of a poet as a preacher; and he minded me much of that scene in the tenth book of the Fairie Queene, so lately read to us by Mr. Agnew, wherein the Red Cross Knight and Una were shown Mercy at her work.

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Aug. 10.—A pack-horse from Sheepscote just reported, laden with a goodly store of books, besides sundry smaller tokens of Rose's thoughtful kindness. I have now methodically divided my time into stated hours, of prayer, exercise, stud-

dy, housewifery, and acts of mercy, on however humble a scale; and find mine owne peace of mind thereby increased notwithstanding y<sup>e</sup> darknesse of public and dullnesse of private affairs.

Made out y<sup>e</sup> meaning of "cynosure" and "Cimmerian darknesse."

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*Aug. 15.*—Full sad am I to learn that Mr. Milton hath published another book in advocacy of divorce. Alas, why will he chafe against y<sup>e</sup> chain, and widen the cruel division between us? My father is outrageous on y<sup>e</sup> matter, and speaks soe passionatelie of him, that it is worse than not speaking of him at alle, which latelie I was avised to complain of.

*Aug. 30.*—Dick beginneth to fancie himself in love with Audrey Paice—an attachment that will doe him noe good; his tastes alreadie want raising, and she will onlie lower them, I feare—a comely, romping, noisy girl, that, were she but a farmer's daughter, woulde be the life and soul of alle the Whitsun-ales, harvest-homes, and hay-makings in the country; in short, as fond of idling and merrymaking as I once was myself; onlie I never was so riotous.

I beginne to see faults in Dick and Harry I never saw before. Is my taste bettering, or my temper worsening? At alle events, we have noe cross words, for I expect them not to alter, knowing how hard it is to do soe by myself.

I look forward with pleasure to my Sheepscote visitt. Dear mother returneth to-morrow. Good Dr. Taylor hath twice taken y<sup>e</sup> trouble to walk over from Oxford to see me, but he hath now left, and we may never meet agayn. His visitts have been very precious to me; I think he hath some glimmering of my sad case; indeed, who knows it not? At parting he sayd, smiling, he hoped he should yet hear of my offerings to Viriplaca on Mount Palatine; then added, gravelie, "You know where reall offerings may be made and alwaies accepted

—offerings of spare half hours and five minutes, when we shut the closet door and commune with our own hearts and are still." Alsoe he sayd, "There are sacrifices to make which sometimes wring our very hearts to offer; but our gracious God accepts them neverthelesse, if our feet be really in y<sup>e</sup> right path, even though, like Chryseis, we look back, weeping."

He sayd— But how manie things as beautifulle and true did I hear my husband say, which passed by me like y<sup>e</sup> idle wind that I regarded not!

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*Sept. 8.*—Harry hath just brought in y<sup>e</sup> news of his Mr's success in the west. Lord Essex's army hath beene completely surrounded by the royal troops; himself forct to escape in a boat to Plymouth, and alle the arms, artillerie, baggage, &c., of Skippon's men have fallen into y<sup>e</sup> hands of the king. Father is soe pleased that he hath mounted the flag, and given double allowance of ale to his men.

I wearie to hear from Robin.

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*Sheepscote, Oct. 10.*—How sweet a picture of rurall life did Sheepscote present, when I arrived here this afternoon! The water being now much out, the face of the countrie presented a new aspect; there were men threshing the walnut trees, children and women putting y<sup>e</sup> nuts into osier baskets, a bailiff on a white horse overlooking them, and now and then galloping to another party, and splashing through the water. Then we found Mr. Agnew equallie busie with his apples, mounted half way up one of the trees, and throwing cherry pippins down into Rose's apron, and now and then making as though he would pelt her; onlie she dared him, and woulde not be frightened. Her donkey, chewing apples in y<sup>e</sup> corner, with the cider running out of his mouth, presented a ludicrous image of enjoyment, and 'twas evidently enhant by Giles' brushing his rough coat with a birch besom, instead of minding his owne



businessse of sweeping the walk. The sun, shining with mellow light on the mown grass and fresh clipt hornbeam hedges, made even ye commonest objects distinct and cheerfulle; and ye aire was soe cleare, we coulde heare ye village children afar off at their play.

Rose had abundance of delicious new honey in ye comb, and bread hot from the oven, for our earlie supper. Dick was tempted to stay too late; however, he is oft as late, now, returning from Audrey Paice, though my mother likes it not.

15<sup>th</sup>.—Rose is quite in good spiritts now, and we goe on most harmoniouslie and happilie. Alle our tastes are now in common; and I never more enjoyed this union of seclusion and society. Besides, Mr. Agnew is more than commonlie kind, and never speaks sternlie or sharplie to me now. Indeed, this morning, looking thoughtfulle at me, he sayd, "I know not, cousin, what change has come over you, but you are now alle that a wise man coulde love and approve." I sayd, It must be owing then to Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who had done me more goode it woulde seeme, in three lessons, than he or Mr. Milton could imparte in thirty or three hundred. He sayd he was inclined to attribute it to a higher source than that; and yet, there was doubtlesse a great knack in teaching, and there was a good deal in liking the teacher. He had alwaies heard ye doctor spoken of as a good, pious, and clever man, though rather too high a prelatist. I sayd, "There were good men of alle sorts; there was Mr. Milton, who woulde pull ye church down; there was Mr. Agnew, who woulde onlie have it mended; and there was Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who was content with it as it stooode." Then Rose askt me of ye Puritanical preachers. Then I showed her how they preached, and made her laugh. But Mr. Agnew would not laugh. But I made him laugh at last. Then he was angrie with himself and with me; only not very angrie; and sayd, I had a

right to a name which he knew had beene given me, "of cleaving mischief." I knew not he knew of it, and was checked, though I laught it off.

13<sup>th</sup>.—Walking together, this morning, Rose was avised to say, "Did Mr. Milton ever tell you the adventures of ye Italian lady?" "Rely on it he never did," sayd Mr. Agnew. "Milton is as modest a man as ever breathed—alle men of first class genius are soe." "What was ye adventure?" I askt, curiouslie. "Why, I neede not tell you, Moll, that John Milton, as a youth, was extremely handsome, even beautifull. His color came and went soe like a girl's, that we of Christ's college used to call him 'the lady,' and thereby annoy him noe little. One summer afternoone he and I and young King (Lycidas, you know) had started on a country walk, (the countrie is not pretty, round Cambridge,) when we met in with an acquaintance whom Mr. Milton affected not, soe he sayd he would walk on to ye first rising ground and wait us there. On this rising ground stood a tree, beneath which our impatient young gentleman presentlie cast himself, and, having walked fast, and the weather being warm, soon falls asleep as sounde as a top. Meantime, King and I quit our friend and saunter forward prettie easilie. Anon comes up with us a caroehe, with something I know not what of outlandish in its build; and within it, two ladies, one of them having the fayrest face I ever set eyes on, present companie duly excepted. The caroehe having passed us, King and I mutuallie expressed our admiration, and thereupon preferring turf to dust, got on the other side the hedge, which was not soe thick but that we coulde make out the caroehe, and see the 'adies descend from it, to walk up the hill. Having reached the tree, they paused in surprise at seeing Milton asleep beneath it; and in prettie dumb shew, which we watcht sharplie, exprest their admiration of his appearance and posture, which woulde

have suited an Arcadian well enough. The younger lady, hastily taking out a pencil and paper, wrote something which she laughingly shewed her companion, and then put into ye sleeper's hand. Thereupon they got into their caroché, and drove off. King and I, dying with curiositie to know what she had writ, soon roused our friend and possest ourselves of ye secret. The verses ran thus—

Occhi, stelle mortali,  
Ministre de miei mali,  
Se, chiusi, m' uccidete,  
Aperti, che farete ?

"Milton colored, crumbled them up, and yet put them in his pocket; then askt us what the lady was like. And herein lay the pleasantry of ye affair; for I truly told him she had a pear-shaped face, lustrous black eyes, and a skin that shewed 'il bruno il bel non toglie;' whereas, King, in his mischief, drew a fancy portrait, much liker you, Moll, than the incognita, which hit Mr. Milton's taste soe much the better, that he was believed for his payns; and then he declared that I had beene describing the duenna!—Some time after, when Milton beganne to talk of visiting Italy, we bantered him, and sayd he was going to look for ye incognita. He stode it well, and sayd, 'Laugh on! do you think I mind you? Not a bit.' I think he did."

Just at this turn, Mr. Agnew stumbled at something in the long grass. It proved to be an old, rustie horse-pistol. His countenance changed at once from gay to grave. "I thought we had noe such things hereabouts yet," cried he, viewing it askance. "I suppose I might as well think I had found a corner of ye land where there was no originall sin." And soe flung it over ye hedge.

—First class geniuses are alwaies modesti are they?—Then I should say that young Italian lady's genius was not of ye first class. '—

19th.—Speaking, to-day, of Mr. Wal-

ler, whom I had once seen at uncle John's, Mr. Agnew sayd he had obtained the reputation of being one of our smoothest versers, and thereupon brought forth one or two of his small pieces in manuscript, which he read to Rose and me. They were addrest to the Lady Dorothy Sidney; and certainlie for specious flatterie I doe not suppose they can be matcht; but there is noe impress of reall feeling in them. How diverse from my husband's versing! He never writ anie mere love-verses, indeede, soe far as I know; but how much truer a sence he hath of what is really beautifulle and becoming in a woman than Mr. Waller! The Lady Alice Egerton mighte have beene more justlie proud of ye fine things written *for* her in Comus, than ye Lady Dorothea of anie of ye fine things written *of* her by this courtier-like poet. For, to say that trees bend down in homage to a woman when she walks under them, and that ye healing waters of Tonbridge were placed there by nature to compensate for the fatal pride of Sacharissa, is soe fullsome and untrue as noe woman, not devoured by conceit, coulde endure; whereas, the check that villanie is sensible of in the presence of virtue, is most nobly, not extravagantlie, exprest by Comus. And though my husband be almost too lavish, in his short pieces, of classic allusion and personation, yet, like antique statues and busts well placed in some statelie pleasaunce, they are alwaies appropriate and gracefulle, which is more than can be sayd of Mr. Waller's overstrayned figures and metaphors.

20th.—News from home: alle well. Audrey Paice on a visitt there. I hope mother hath not put her into my chamber, but I know that she hath sett so manie trays full of spearmint, peppermint, camomiles, and poppie-heads in y<sup>r</sup> blue chamber to dry, that she will not care to move them, nor have ye window opened lest they should be blown aboute. I wish I ha! turned y<sup>e</sup> key on my ebony cabinet.

# "SORTS."--WIT, WISDOM, &c.

ORIGINAL.

## A WESTERN WEDDING.

BY C. W. JEROME.

Not long since we had the exquisite pleasure of attending a western nuptial ceremony, which occurred in one of our neighboring and flourishing counties. We shall not undertake to enter into a minute detail of particulars attending the mirthful detail; suffice it to say, never were hearts more gladdened upon entering a hymenial room, than ours. The old house was crowded to excess. The old, middle-aged, and the young, sat densely around the wall, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the candidates who were to be joined in holy wedlock. An hour passed on—silence pervaded—when the door of the adjoining room gently gave away, and our longing eyes fell upon the loving two—timid and fearful—approaching the centre of the room. Never did placid cupid *himself* make a more striking appearance than this disciple of his. But, alas! unluckily for him, the foot of the large arm chair unfortunately coming in contact with the neatly trimmed boot, brought him in close unison with the hard thick floor; the maiden, with all the affection that characterizes one of her sex, lending her friendly aid, succeeded in placing the embarrassed youth in a position more erect and desirable. Notwithstanding this unlooked for catastrophe, they advanced into the middle of the room. During this momentous period, the gravity of the guests was completely tested, while beholding the laughable as well as ludicrous event. The Pastor arose with assumed clerical dignity, and thus addressed the perplexed youth, "Wilt thou have this woman," &c., to which the embarrassed youthful swain replied, "Yes, sir, I will; I will that;" at the same time throwing his arms around her neck and loading her with kisses. The risibles of the astounded audience were again moved to an extent beyond control. The confused clergyman, after regaining his equilibrium, addressed the timid spouse in like manner. The trembling Venus immediately responded, "Well, I reckon; don't you think its best. What do you think I would be here for, if it was not to marry him?" The guests were again thrown into convulsions of laughter, which only served as a complimentary appendage in the ears of the love-sick swain. Give us Sucker boys and girls forever.

## "SORTS."--WIT, WISDOM, &c.

### THE APPARENT COURSE OF THE SUN.

When we see the bright sun disappear in the west,  
 Does it find in the clouds a soft pillow of rest?  
 Oh no! while it leaves us in shadowy night,  
 It is rising again with the fresh morning light;  
 On the shores of Japan 'tis beginning to peep  
 While you, Yankee lasses, are nodding with sleep;  
 At midnight while we in forgetfulness lie,  
 And the pole twinkling stars are bespangling the sky,  
 In China the clocks are already at seven,  
 In frigid Kamschatka 'tis almost eleven;  
 'Tis noon in New Zealand—the savage reclining  
 Beneath the thick shade, on his fern root is dining;  
 The sun's evening rays are on Mexico cast;  
 From the shores of Brazil all the daylight has past,  
 And thus, while we slumber unconscious away,  
 Other countries, in turn, feel the warmth of the day;  
 Where'er the sun rises birds warble their lays,  
 And the dew-sprinkled flowers expand to his rays.

*Petticoats a Test of Womanhood.*—Mrs. Swisshelm, editress of the *Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor*, makes petticoats the test of womanhood, and will hear of no compromise nor coalition with the other sex, except upon the entire abandonment by the ladies of the pantaloons. Mrs. Swisshelm defines her position in an article commenting upon Mrs. Fanny Kemble's reported appearance in public places attired like a man. The following is an extract from her protest:

"But we cannot still believe she dresses really like a man. If we did, we should think very little of her. Most likely, her rambling, fishing, exercise costume, so much talked about, is some fanciful imitation of boy's surtouts—something like the short dresses and drawers worn by misses. Mrs. Butler certainly has too much sense—too much taste—to appear in straight coat and pantaloons. Our long, wide skirts are indeed a great impediment in rural exercises. We have often felt this in walking through wet grass, getting over fences, and clambering round rocks. A short dress, and some substitute for pantaloons, would be a great convenience in such excursions, provided the costume were sufficiently marked and distinguished from men's apparel. It would be too humiliating to be met and mistaken for a man. We should a great deal rather be arrested as a sheep thief. We shall use all our influence to preserve man's right to his pantaloons inviolate. They ought to be his, and his only, for they are too ugly for any body else to wear.

"But the *best* distinction between the sexes is the beard. Why do not all men wear the beard, or some part of it? A smoothly shaved or beardless man meets our ideas of manhood about as well as a square shouldered, shingle-shaped woman meets our notions of womanhood. There is very little difference between the mental formation of man and woman, still there is a difference; but the physical structure

is another matter. Nature has made the lines of difference very marked and strong, and the more perfect the developement of either, the greater the dissimilarity. A Venus with the muscles of a Hercules would be a fright. Art should not interfere with nature's arrangements. Let men look like themselves, and women like women. Let men keep their distinct apparel, their strength and their ugliness, in welcome. Nobody wants either, unless, indeed, Mrs. Butler has taken a fancy to their clothes; and if she has, she should be court-martialed, and deprived of her woman's commission."

A little fellow seeing his father preserve fruit in spirits, said: "Pa, is that the reason you have liquor in your head so often—because you want to preserve your wits."

*Married vs. Buried.*—A clergyman who had in the lottery of matrimony drawn a share that proved to him worse than blank, was just experiencing a severe scolding from his Xantippe, when he was called upon to unite a pair in the blessed state of wedlock. The poor parson, actuated by his own feelings and experience, rather than by a sense of canonical duties, opened the book and began:—

"Man that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble," &c., repeating a part of the burial service.

The astonished bridegroom exclaimed—"Sir, sir: you mistake! I came here to be *married*, not *buried*!"

"Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you: but believe me, my friend, you had better be *buried*!"

*A Dutchman's Directions.*—A gentleman travelling in the interior of this State, where was a Dutch settlement, overtook one of its worthy inhabitants, of whom he inquired as to the direction of the place to which he was going. "Mine frient," said the Dutchman, giving a long whiff at his pipe, "I can dell you so petter as no man lifing. In de first blace, you go along dis roat, and go up a high hill, den go down a low hill—make a bridge over—turn de river up stream, and de first house you come to will be a parn shingled mit straw—go a little farder den, und inquire of my brotter, and he will dell you as goot as no man lifing."

"I am afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman.

"I have come to want already," was the reply: "I want your daughter!"

The old lady opened her eyes.

A Wife full of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

## "SORTS."--WIT, WISDOM, &c.

### LOSING A LOVER.

Mr. Franky A——, who was a gentleman of good parts and infinite humor, used to relate the following anecdote as having occurred to himself when a young man. A young lady in the neighborhood had won his affections, and he commenced paying his addresses. During the courtship he sometimes supped with the lady's family, when he was always regaled with a homely dish of mush and milk, and being of serious turn, was generally invited to say grace over the meal. The supper Franky did not take amiss, as the family of the fair one was in but moderate circumstances, and being himself poor, he admired such domestic economy; besides, he was satisfied, provided he could obtain the affections of his dulcinea. "The course of true love never runs smooth," and Franky chanced to have a rival who was much richer than himself. One evening when he was visiting his charmer, after the board had been spread with the frugal meal of mush and milk, but before the family had taken their seats at the table, some one spied Franky's rival riding up. Immediately a change came over the substance of the meal. As if by magic, the table was cleared of its load, and naught remained to tell the tale, but the clean white cloth. In the course of a short time, however, the table was again furnished—not as before, but with suitable appendages of making tea, and with warm bread, such as is hastily baked, and in common parlance, called "short cake." When all was ready, as was the custom, brother A—— was invited to say grace, who with due solemnity, hands folded, and eyes closed, pronounced the following impromptu benediction:

"The Lord be praised,  
How I'm amazed,  
To see how things have mended;  
Here's short cake and tea,  
For supper I see,  
Where mush and milk was intended."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this grace Franky never returned to woo his lady love, but left her to the undisturbed possession of his more fortunate rival.

## THE BLIND GIRL AND HER LOVER.

[The following is the substance of an affecting little story from the French of Jasmin.]

At the foot of that height on which is perched Castèl-Cuillè, at the season when the apple, the plum, and the almond were growing white through the country, this song was heard one eve of St. Joseph's day.

All the paths should flower and bloom,  
Soon a lovely bride will come.  
All the paths should bloom and flower,  
Morning brings her nuptial hour.

And this old *Te Deum* of our humble marriages seemed to reëcho from the clouds, as suddenly a numerous swarm of maidens, fresh and tidy, each accompanied by her swain, advanced to the edge of the rock, chanting the same words and air, looking there, so near the sky, like so many angels at play. They take their start, and speedily descending by the narrow ways of the steep hill-side, they come on in a long chain towards Saint-Amant. And the gleesome things, by the small footways, go like madcaps, still singing—

All the paths should flower and bloom,  
Soon a lovely bride will come.  
All the paths should bloom and flower,  
Morning brings her nuptial hour.

All this was because Baptiste and his betrothed were about to collect the *jonchée*. That is to say, that, according to the custom of the country, they were about to gather, in the woods, branches, and particularly laurel branches, to strew on the road to the church, and at the doors of those invited to their approaching marriage.

The sky was all blue, not a cloud was

to be seen, a fine March sun was beaming, and through the air a light breeze scattered his breaths of perfume.

The party, of course, are gay as gay can be. Gambolling and singing, they sport about, like happy lads and lasses as they are. The arch bride runs off, crying, "The girls who catch me will be married this year;" all pursue her, all soon come up with her, and then all press round her "to touch her fine new apron, or her pretty cotton petticoat." But how does it happen that amidst all their mirth, and laughter, and fun, Baptiste, the bridegroom, is silent and sad? "What a couple are he and Angela! To see them so indifferent to each other, one would think them great folks"—people in high life—a sore sarcasm, Jasmin;—"what is the matter with Baptiste to-day—what is weighing on his mind?" Why is he so depressed?

It is because in that neat cottage, half way up the hill, dwells a blind girl, the orphan of a veteran, the young and tender Marguerite, the fairest maiden of the hamlet, and because Baptiste had formerly been her lover. The altar had even been prepared for them, but one day Marguerite was stricken with measles, or some similar scourge, and lost her sight. All changes at the voice of an obstinate father; their love but not their happiness continued; persecuted at home, Baptiste left the place, and now, only three days after his return, seduced by a little gold, he is about to marry Angela, thinking ever of Marguerite.

Suddenly, under the mulberry-trees, the bridal party espy old lame Jeanne the fortune-teller, whom every one likes "because she always promises good luck—a

lover to one, a good marriage to another, a pleasant home to a third." This time, however, the sibyl assumes a severe air, turns her look sternly on Angela, and taking her hand makes the sign of the cross on it with a reed, as she pronounces the inauspicious words, "Heaven grant, giddy girl, that in espousing to-morrow the faithless Baptiste, you do not dig a grave." As she speaks two large tears roll from her old eyes, and the evil augury checks, for a moment at least, the merriment of all who hear it; "but what matters two drops of troubled water falling on a silvery stream?" All speedily regain their spirits, "and the gleesome things, by the small footways, go like madcaps, singing louder than ever.

Let the paths be flower and bloom,  
Soon a lovely bride will come.

Let the paths be bloom and flower,  
Morning brings her nuptial hour."

Marguerite, emaciated by her sufferings, but still fair as an angel, sitting alone in her cottage, and soliloquizing on her forlorn condition. As yet she is ignorant of the full extent of her misfortune, but, though hoping, she has doubts.

"He has returned, and he does not come to see me! And he knows that of my night he is the star, the sun! And he knows that for six months, alone, here, I hope for him! Oh, that he would come to keep what he has promised me! For without him, in this world what can I do, what pleasure have I? Sorrow crushes my life, and makes it horrible! Day for the rest, day for others always; and for me, unhappy girl, ever night, ever night! How dark it is far from him! Oh! how sad is my soul! When will Baptiste come? When he is beside me, I think no more of the day. What has the day? A blue sky: but the blue eyes of Baptiste are a heaven of love that brightens for me, a heaven full of happiness, like the one up there above—no more sorrow, no more weariness. I forget earth, sky—

all, all that I have lost, when he presses my hand, and is beside me. But when I am alone I remember all. What is Baptiste doing? He no more hears me calling him. A shoot of creeping ivy, I have need of a branch to support me, or I die. Ah, in mercy that he would come, to lighten my burden! They say we love better when we are in sorrow; what, then, when one is blind!

"Who knows, perhaps he has abandoned me. Unhappy girl that I am, what do I say! It were time, indeed, to bury me! What a dark thought! It terrifies me—let me banish it. Baptiste will come back to me, oh! he will come back. I have nothing to fear. He could not come so soon. He is weary, he is ill, perhaps; perhaps his affection is preparing some surprise for me. But I hear some one—oh, no more sorrow—my heart does not deceive me—it is he—it is Baptiste!"\*

The door opens, but Paul, her little brother, enters alone. He has seen the bridal party; he tells about it; he asks, wondering, why they alone had not been invited. "Angela about to be married!" exclaims his sister, "what a secret they have kept it! nobody has told me a word about the matter; and who is the bridegroom?" "Why, sister, your friend Baptiste," replies the unconscious child.

The blind girl utters a sharp cry, and falls insensible. It is by the bridal song, "Let the paths be flower and bloom," that she is at length roused. Her little brother recommences his prattle, and she learns from him the hour fixed for the marriage next day. "Good," says the poor stricken maiden, as a sudden thought takes possession of her. "Be consoled, Paul; we shall be there."

Jeanne, the good-hearted fortune-teller, enters, and thinking the blind girl still ignorant of Baptiste's faithlessness, tries to weaken her love for him preparatory

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\* This passage is of exquisite beauty; nothing can be more true, or more touching in its pathos.

to the discovery which must sooner or later come. Marguerite acts her part so well that the old woman is deceived. "She knows nothing of it," she says, as she leaves the cottage; "I will save her."

The gray dawn slowly arriving, finds two young girls waiting for it very differently occupied. The one, the queen of a day, surrounds herself with flatterers, puts on her cross and her nuptial crown, decks her bosom with a large bouquet, and ambles, and struts, and admires herself with pleasure. The other, blind, is in her little room, with neither crown nor bouquet. The one, light and vain, forgets, amid the sound of kisses and songs, to repeat her morning prayer. The other, her forehead bathed in a cold sweat, joins her hands, kneels down, and says in a low voice, as her brother unbars their door, "Oh, my God, have pity on me!"

Marguerite and Paul, the child leading his sister by the hand, take their way to the church. This day the sky is overcast, and there is a drizzling rain; as they go on, the wind bears down the perfume of the laurel strewed on the path, and the blind girl shudders as it reaches her. "Paul, pray be done with your prattle," says Marguerite; "where are we?—we are surely going up hill." "And do you not see we are quite close now?" replies the boy. With what a bold and successful touch do these few words portray the thoughtless impatience of the child, who asks his blind sister if she does not see how near they are; and the excited sensibility of the poor girl, who can no longer endure the irksomeness of the noisy boy. What skill, or if it be not skill, what poetical instinct is displayed in the contrast the characters in this situation yield! Paul sees an osprey. "Oh, the naughty bird!" he cries, "he brings bad luck, does he not? Do you not remember, sister, when our brother said, the night we were watching by him, 'Ah! my little girl, I am very ill; take care of Paul, for I feel I am going.' You wept, and he wept, and I, too; we were

all weeping. Well, there was an osprey screaming on the roof at the time. And our father died, and we carried him here. There is his grave; the cross at his head is still there—tarnished though."

The words of the boy act strongly on poor Marguerite, she is shaken in her resolution. A voice seems to call to her from the tomb, "My daughter, what are you about to do!" She recoils—but Paul, who is eager to see the ceremony, draws her on; and when the unhappy girl hears the laurel branches cracking under her feet, she is no longer mistress of herself; nothing now can stop her; she advances eagerly, as if to a fête, and presently she and her companion have disappeared in the old church.

The ceremony is begun. The priest is at the altar; the ring is blessed; Baptiste holds it in his hand. But before he places it on the small finger waiting to receive it, he has a word, one word to pronounce. It is spoken; at the instant a voice exclaims, "It is, indeed, he!" and suddenly, to the confusion of all, the confessional opens, and the blind girl comes forth. Hoping, perhaps, to the last, or refusing to believe anything but her own senses, she had waited to the end—till she should hear, since she could not see, the perfidy of her lover; but now, all was over. "Hold! Baptiste," she cries, "since you have willed my death, let me"—and such was the intensity of her excited feelings that she fell to the floor in a paroxysm of grief, and there breathed out her gentle spirit.

And that evening, in place of songs, the *De profundis* was chanted; a bier, with flowers on it, was carried to the cemetery, young girls clothed in white and shedding tears accompanied it; nowhere was there any mirth; on the contrary, every one now seemed to say,

On the paths he tears and sighs,  
Low a lovely maiden lies.  
On the paths he sighs and gloom,  
Beauty passes to the tomb.



# THE BROKEN HEART.

ON the first Sabbath following my arrival in my native village, after fifteen years' absence, I took an early walk to the old burial ground of the parish. It was on the brow of a sloping hill, and from this green summit I looked around with rapture upon the wild unshorn mountains which completely encircle the valley of my nativity, and off unto the beautiful river, whose murmur had lulled my spirit to life's purest dreams—then turned with sadness to the silent city, many of whose mounds covered the ashes of playmates of my boyhood. And there was one neat enclosure, its turf within all covered with blooming flowers, and under the name of Ann, carved on the headstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," round which I lingered with tears.

Ann, from her cradle dreams, was a gentle being. Her confiding heart was early embued with the beautiful spirit of a mother's piety; and in the sweet retirement of her cottage home, she grew to womanhood, pure in feeling as the lamb upon the lawn, but frail in form as the flowers she nurtured beneath her casement. Her songs in the sanctuary and round the family altar were like the

warble of the sky-lark soaring heavenward.

While thus the happy favorite in the circle of society of which she was a member, William Noble, a young man called handsome in person, and of winning manners, sought and won her love. She gave him her affection, hallowed by piety, and next to her Infinite Father, he was the object of sweetest thought, whose smile was bliss, and whose frown was the darkest shadow of life. Years melted away, and he left his native hills to complete his education. But the gay world and new associations for awhile seemed to deepen his early attachment, and brighten the rainbow hopes of the future. But there came a change—the tone of his letters was altered, and the being who loved him still with a true woman's heart, read them with tears. He finally asked to be released from his promise of marriage. I was permitted to read a part of their correspondence commencing at this period. There was no sickly sentimentality in her tender remonstrance against his cruelty. She reminded him of the past, and assured him her heart had been too long fixed to detach itself from its idol without a struggle. How

could it be otherwise? She had known him from childhood, and suspicion of insincerity or unfaithfulness had never flung even a momentary gloom upon her joyous spirit.

He relented, and renewed his assurances of affection. The wedding apparel was prepared, and friends from a distance invited, in harmony with his own wishes, and Ann was once more happy and blithesome as the songbirds of her own blue mountains. But she was to learn in the bitterness of disappointment, that "man may smile, and smile again, and be a villain!" A letter came from her absent lover; she broke the seal with the ardor of expectant love; but as her eye ran over the page, the strife of an inward

storm gushed forth in tears, and clouded with gloom the features of a face just now bright and peaceful as the sky in spring time.

It was the cold farewell of a faithless one that met her swimming eye. Though with Christian resignation she bore the shock, and made a martyr-like effort to be cheerful, her nightly pillow, bedewed with tears, told the tale of

"—————silent sorrow,

Which can find no vent in speech."

In uncomplaining gentleness she sank in the arms of fatal decline. She died in a few brief months, the victim of a virtuous and delicate sensibility, and with a heart crushed and broken.

**THE CURSE OF PROPERTY.—Concluded from page 35.**

“Mrs. Barry’s system, whatever might have been the prejudice entertained against her by the peasantry, as ‘a fine lady from foreign parts, who was come to reign over them,’ was productive of so much good to the poor, that they soon regarded her as their best friend, and their gratitude and affection were proportionate, while increasing difficulties pressed hard upon Mr. Barry, and he wanted resolution to tear himself away from family and party feuds. These circumstances soured his temper, and made him at times capricious and severe. It is well known, that at home or abroad, whatever goes wrong with a married man, is avenged upon his wife. Perhaps I ought not to say *avenged*, but I can hardly find a term to express the ill-temper which is too often shown at home, when adverse circumstances are encountered out of the domestic circle.

“Your own poet has expressed in language so chaste and beautiful the peculiar feelings which this sort of thing generates, that I will repeat you the lines:—

“‘A something light as air—a look,  
A word unkind, or wrongly taken,—  
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch, like this, has shaken.”

“‘Are they not beautiful?’ exclaimed the old gentleman again. Not that matters were so bad with them, either; but certainly, something was fast undermining Mrs. Barry’s constitution. I would not have said that her chief happiness arose from the consolation afforded her in the affection of her tenants, had I remembered the devoted tenderness of her grandchild, and the delight she took in attending to her education. The development of the girl’s mind was both rapid and powerful. Distant as they were from towns, no aid of masters could be obtained. Mrs. Barry knew enough of music to teach the child its rudiments; and Alice, gifted with a fine ear, and a genuine love for the charming science, made swift progress in the art she loved.

Many studies were resorted to, with a view to occupation, that would not have been thought of under other circumstances, or if the little maid had enjoyed the society of persons of her own age. Her grandfather taught her Latin, and the priest of the parish instructed her in Italian. Of what are usually called children’s books, she never possessed any; but could repeat, almost by heart, the Histories of Hume and Rollin, with many of the ancient chronicles. Her light reading varied from the Arabian Nights to the History of the Robber Freny, with odd volumes of Irish History, and now and then a romance of the Radcliffe school. Shakspeare she loved; Milton she revered; but there was **one** book that was invariably perused morning and evening, which laid the foundation of her good conduct and future prosperity. Her grandmother saw that her romantic and rambling mind needed a powerful corrective. Situated as she was, and feeling that the child was debarred from amusements suited to her age and sex,—observing also the avidity with which she obtained information, and unable, from the increasing delicacy of her health, to guide her as she wished,—she wisely felt the necessity of strengthening her religious impressions. The imagination of my young friend readily caught at the *beauties* of Scripture, but her grandmother wished her reason to be convinced of its *truths*: this she happily effected, and the silence and solitude of her sick room often echoed the pure doctrines of salvation, and the breathing prayers dictated by faithful hearts. Barry procured for his wife, at an immense expense, the best medical advice the country afforded. His affection had cooled, but never changed; and the prospect of losing one so dear, redoubled his attentions. It was, however, of no avail: and, after a tedious illness, I followed her to her grave. Alice had never left her sick bed; it was a touching sight, to see the expiring effort

the pale but still beautiful woman made to place the hand of the weeping child within that of her husband: he fell on his knees, and solemnly promised to protect Alice Lee to the latest hour of his life, and to bestow upon her a handsome income at his death.

“‘I do not want that last promise,’ she said, in a trembling voice, ‘she can make riches for herself. Protect her, but let her be independent!’

“*Independent* was the last word this excellent woman uttered; no wonder then that it was a hallowed feeling and a hallowed sound to the heart and the ear of her grandchild.

“‘I WILL be independent,’ said the sweet girl, as she strewed the flowers in which her grandmother had delighted, over the silent corpse, and placed to her cheek the blooming roses which she had so loved to cultivate; and then she laid her own head on the same pillow, and read in the Book of Life, of eternity, and heaven, and worlds beyond the grave—and was comforted in her affliction!

“She had watched from her chamber window the slowly pacing funeral pass from the court-yard, the coffin supported by eight of the oldest tenants, who claimed the privilege of carrying it to its resting-place, and Claude Barry, in right of kin, and as the representative of his uncle, (who was too ill to perform the melancholy duty) following as chief mourner. She had seen the procession, attended by a multitude of people, wind round the hill side, till it was concealed from her view by a dense wood that overshadowed the road, and drying her tears, she entered the dark room where her grandfather was nurturing in secret the bitterness of grief. She seated herself quietly by his side, and made a sign of silence to old Jerry, who had followed her into the apartment, and whose infirmities prevented his attending the funeral: surprised that he motioned her towards the window which looked out upon the ave-

nue, she opened the shutter so as to peep forth and ascertain his meaning. The old porter at the second gate was engaged in evidently a fierce contention with some four or five men, who demanded free passage to the house. Poor Alice trembled all over, for she had heard of writs and executions, as calamities threatened against her grandfather; but as he had ‘managed to keep them off,’ (alas! for such management) she never thought they would really arrive at Barrybrooke. The appearance of the men, the agitation of the servant, and, above all, their suddenly pushing past the porter, while Jerry exclaimed so loud as to startle his master, ‘I’ll bar the doors,’ confirmed her in the feeling, that they were sheriff’s officers. And she flung herself on her protector’s neck, exclaiming, ‘What shall we do!’

“Poor Barry looked for a moment on the men as they wheeled round the house to approach the door. ‘I see who they are,’ he said, in a quiet voice; ‘alas! and was not my heart sufficiently broken? and have I already lived to see the time when I return thanks to the Almighty for having taken from me the wife of my bosom—so that she has been spared this misery?’

“He walked to the hall, where his faithful servant, in the true spirit of Irish fidelity, had drawn the bolts, and established himself with a rusty musket, that had done the rooks and magpies much mischief, resolved to protect the dwelling from ‘bailiff or sheriff.’

“‘Open the door, Jerry,’ said my friend.

“‘What, yer Honor?’

“‘Open the door.’

“‘For what, plaze yer Honor, ’ud I do that same?’

“‘To admit these men.’

“‘Lord bless yer Honor, and keep ye in yer right mind, which ye are not in at this present time, or yed niver give way to the like o’ them.’

“‘Fool,’ exclaimed Mr. Barry, as they

thundered at the portal, 'do as I command you.'

"Master, darlint!" replied the poor fellow, 'you may trample on me if ye like, and call me what ye plaze; but I'll niver be the manes of letting shame into the house, in the shape o' the law,—only the boys are all at the funeral, it's long till they'd suffer such sarpenes to walk the country.—Well, since ye'r determined on it, do it yerself, sir. I niver opened a door to a limb of the law, nor niver will.'

"Jeremiah flung down his musket, and hastily left the hall, while Alice clung closely to her grandfather's arm.

"Come in, gentlemen, come in," said he, with a frightful calmness of manner; 'here I am, you see;—be seated, and tell your business.'

"The business was soon told; a writ against his person at the suit of Benjamin Maberly, *Esquire*, for cattle furnished during a period of sixteen or eighteen years—a sort of running account, with now and then a nominal settlement; bills bearing interest, and sundry other expenses; this claim alone amounted to the enormous sum of two thousand pounds; for my poor friend had often taken it into his head to stock farms, and speculate in sheep, pigs and oxen—speculations that always terminated badly, from his unfortunate habit of never attending to his own business, but leaving it to others to manage for him. Another of these men of law had an execution against his goods and effects, for the sum of three thousand pounds, he having bestowed upon a favorite cousin a bond of fifteen hundred pounds, upon his commencing 'professional man;' the interest of this, of course, was never paid nor demanded, but on his refusing to lend the young hopeful some two or three hundred pounds, which he thought proper to require, he placed the affair in an attorney's hands, who urged immediate proceedings on the bond, the interest of which had amounted to a sum equal to the principal. Mr. Barry was very unfit

to think or act; but Alice prevailed on the officer who made the arrest, to wait until the arrival of his friends; he proceeded calmly to take an inventory of the furniture; while the master of the mansion seemed perfectly torpid. Claude returned with me and three or four others from the melancholy funeral to the house of mourning. As to poor Claude, he had all the family taste for expenditure, and the property he inherited from his father was mortgaged to its full value. This did not prevent his living in style; he had a good stud, fine dogs, and a machine to drive in, that almost broke one's neck to look at; he had given a ball on his coming of age, which cost almost as much as the fee-simple of his estate was really worth; and his mother, with her usual wisdom, observed it was of little consequence, considering her son's expectations.

"Claude, therefore, could do little—except join me in bail, which was entered into immediately; in less than an hour after our return, Jerry had the inexpressible satisfaction of banging the hall-door after 'the *sarpints*,' and of drinking (a ceremony, by the way, the poor fellow never omitted) 'Destruction to the law,' in a bumper of pure whisky. I remained at Barrybrooke, and endeavored to unravel the difficulties with which my friend was encompassed. I confess they far exceeded my anticipations. To enter into details would be useless. Suffice it to say, that on his marriage, to pacify his relations, he had granted annuities, which had never been regularly paid, and then had given securities on his property for the various sums that accumulated he knew not how; then, none of the old incumbrances had been paid off; and the fine domain, which could have supported the establishment if properly farmed, was positively nothing more than a common for the neighbors' horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry to revel on. Mrs. Barry had retrenched most considerably the

household expenses; but as my friend, Alice Lee, said, 'grandmamma was never suffered to know grandpapa's affairs; and what she saved, even from her own personal comforts, was expended out of doors.' Claude's difficulties were quite as perplexing. The advice I gave to both parties was as follows;—Mr. Barry to sell off as much property as would discharge all pressing demands, (for when one creditor comes down on an estate, the rest are sure to follow) to let Barrybrooke, and go abroad for five or six years, live on a small allowance, and thus clear what was spared. Claude we recommended to marry a rich widow, who was known to look favorably on him, and pay off his debts with her fortune, providing an annuity for her from his estate.

"'Cousin Claude,' said Alice, quietly, 'take *my* advice: they say you have fine oratorical talents, go to the bar, and make a fortune for yourself.' It may be easily imagined, that the advice given was not relished by either. Barry's pride revolted at the idea of selling a single acre; and Claude did not like the widow, because he had chosen to fall in love with a girl without either character or fortune. Some accommodation was made with the creditors, and my friend resolved to go abroad. A noble lord offered to take the house, and reside there; but no!—again family pride was up in arms:—and although the certainty that Barrybrooke could not be kept in even decent order, except at great expense, was dwelt upon by his true friends, he disdained to let it; decided that three old servants should remain to take care of it, and as quickly as possible bade adieu to the halls of his ancestors, leaving the property at nurse for his creditors, and reserving only an income of three hundred a-year for himself. All his relatives objected strongly to his being accompanied by Alice Lee.—'She'll be sure to come round him,' they exclaimed one and all, 'and if only sixpen'oth of property is left, it's only just

that right should have it.' It was all in vain: Barry took a proud, cold leave of his 'dear relations' and 'particular friends;' his spirit had been bitterly wounded by his late misfortunes; but it was by no means subdued.

"'Jerry,' said he, as the poor fellow held open the carriage door, 'see that the widow Murphy has the milk as usual, and the children at the school their clothing at Christmas; the agent will attend to it.' (I must tell you I had used every exertion to prevail on him to appoint a new agent but in vain,)—and Barry was trying to conquer his emotion, when Alice, her face swollen with weeping, sprang into the carriage. The only living thing she possessed—a pet lamb, attempted to follow her, and looked up bleating in her face. 'Keep it, Jerry,' she said, 'It is all I have to give you, and I give it you as a remembrance.'

"The carriage drove on: at the gate, a concourse of tenantry, and the poor he had so often relieved, awaited him. They stopped the carriage: some of the men, who had grown grey on the estate, came forward. 'We have lived and flourished under yer Honor, and them that's dead and gone, for many years; and ye've never distressed us, nor offered to do it. If yer Honor 'ill stay among us, and keep from foreign parts, we'll make an advance on our rents, and pay up at once to next half-year; don't lave us to the marcy o' strangers, and we'll work for ye, and fight for ye, and never let a writ or a sheriff come near the house.'

"'Och! don't go to lave us,' exclaimed a poor woman, laying her thin hands on the coach-window. 'Oh! don't agra! Miss, don't let him—and the mistress, God mark her soul to glory! not *could* in her grave yet!' All this was too much for my poor friend; he could only reply, covering his face with his hands, 'God bless you all! I must go now; but I will return to you in happier times.'

"Mr. Barry proceeded to France: the

idea of cheap living is connected, perhaps truly, with the Continent. An Irish gentleman is sure of a kind reception abroad; and the intelligent and cheerful manners of my friend Alice, equally free from English stiffness and French levity, increased the feeling of kindness into esteem. Barry, however, could not long remain contented in the Provinces, and determined on a visit to Paris. This certainly was not wise; but Alice Lee had the happy art of extracting sweets from poison. She was introduced to some persons of literary distinction there, who discovered that her powerful and clear mind was capable of great efforts, and much usefulness. They taught her to soar, and directed her flight with judgment and kindness. Her attempts were made without even the knowledge of her grandfather, who read and approved her first production without having an idea from whose pen it proceeded; his feelings can be better imagined than described, when he discovered that 'his little cherished child,'—the scorned, the despised one—had not only received, but merited, the praise of some of the most celebrated persons in France; he was not slow in sending this intelligence over. I, indeed, heard it with far more pleasure than surprise; but it threw every member of the long-tailed family into utter consternation. 'The thing was impossible—what! the little pug-nosed girl, who had never been to school, to be praised in the newspapers, and thought much of by learned people,—for *her* to write a book, a whole book, who had learned to hold her pen from a village schoolmaster!' Fancy, my dear sir, all the exclamations of vulgar astonishment, and even then you can hardly have an idea of the hubbub the news occasioned. Happily for Alice, she was not one of those morbid literary ladies, who mourn at their hard fate, and pretend to sorrow because their minds are superior to their neighbors,—who sigh and sentimentalise over their being obliged to appear before the public, and yet use every justifiable and unjustifiable mode of forcing celebrity. Alice was in the purest sense of the word a Christian, and she felt the necessity of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She shrank not from the useful exercise of her abilities, and she had good sense enough to perceive that the odium, which at that time, even more than now, attached to literary women, proceeded from the attention they exacted, and the airs of superiority they assumed, in society. She did not neglect the cultivation of simple flowers, because she was skilled in botany; she did not cease to charm by the exercise of her fine melodious voice, because she comprehended the nature of sound; nor did she delight less in the common enjoyments of life because she happened to be endowed with talents and genius. Though she became an *author*, she had not ceased to be a *woman*: her motives were noble—her actions pure; so that she neither needed, nor wore a mask:—this was the grand secret of her popularity.

"The creditors of Mr. Barry's estate had lately become clamorous, and declared that the sums stipulated for had not been regularly discharged. My friend found it necessary to go over to Ireland, and settle matters, the derangement of which he could not account for; even his stipend had not lately been remitted, and but for the exertions of Alice Lee, he would have suffered much pecuniary difficulty. He felt that he ought to clear himself from the imputation of connivance where evidently on the agent's part, mismanagement, if not dishonesty, must have been practiced: he came upon the man unexpectedly, and the fellow paled and trembled before him. Conscious and confused, he fixed the next morning for the explanation of his accounts, but that very night set off for America, taking with him a very considerable sum, which he had prevailed on the tenants to advance,

in addition to their rents, under the idea of ministering to their landlord's necessities. This was a dreadful blow to my friend's feelings: Alice had suffered much from delicate health, and he would not subject her to the fatigue of a journey; but earnestly did he long for her presence, to support and cheer him. About three weeks after he had quitted Paris on this unfortunate business, Alice Lee received the following letter, sealed with dismal black; the first page was in the handwriting of her beloved guardian and relative. She afterwards permitted me to copy it.

“MY BELOVED CHILD,—I ought not to have written you so gloomy an account; it was sadly selfish of me to disturb your mind when I know how much depends on the work you are now engaged upon. You would gladly support your poor grandfather—would you not? even if he had not an acre left. No account of that villain since he sailed from Cork. Alice, pray for me—pray that my senses may be spared. The ingratitude I meet with, is the scorpion's sting that festers in my heart. Pray for me, Alice Lee! I suppose it must come to a sale. Sell Barrybrooke! And the trees and flowers *she* planted! But I shall have one unfading flower left;—you, Alice! Poor Claude is even worse off than myself. Oh! *the curse of property*, managed as it is in this unhappy country. Would that I had been bred a common tradesman; I should then have been *independent*, and not afraid to look every man I meet in the face, lest he should ask me for money. Do you know that my sternest creditors are those of my own kin? I am sick at heart, my child, and you are not here. Do you remember the evening you left that splendid conversazione at the Count de Leonard's to come home, that you might give me the medicine with your own hand? Yet I would not have you *here* now for the world. Jerry grows young again, and Sir Charles is kind as

ever: it is too late to wish now,—but if I had taken his advice,—good night, my child. You are the only being related to me who never gave me cause for anger. Good night—God bless you! to-morrow I will finish my letter.’

“Poor fellow!” exclaimed Sir Charles, as he lifted his eyes from the painful record. “When the next sun rose, his spirit had met his God:—his heart was indeed broken. The remainder was written by his old servant.”

“May it plaze ye, Miss, to put up with me to tell ye the sorrowful tidings,—that nixt morning when I wint as is usual into his Honor's room, he was clane gone, and as *could* as a stone; they worried the soul out o' him, that they did; and my curse, and the curse o' the poor, 'ill rest heavy on 'em on the day o' judgment for that same. I wish ye could see how beautiful he looks this minute; jist smilin' in his coffin. So best; for he's beyant trouble now.—God be praised! they couldn't keep his sowl from glory! Poor Master Claude is like one mad, and Sir Charles is forced to order the funeral: it 'ill be the thing to do honor to the name, and a grand berrin' as ever was seen in the country; priests and ministers, and all the heart's-blood o' the gentry—and it's my intintion, now that the dear master's gone, to travel into foreign parts myself, and wait upon you, Miss, who must want some one to look after ye; seein' (no offence, I hope!) that ye are all as one as my own born child; and so keep up yer heart, and God's fresh blessin' be about ye, prays yer humble and faithful servant (till death) to command.

JEREMIAH KEG.’

Very soon, the estates of the *late* Charles Barry, Esq. were advertised to be sold by the sheriff, for the benefit of the creditors of the said estates. The sorrow of sweet Alice Lee was agonizing to witness or think upon; and even now she has not ceased regretting that she did not accompany her grandfather on his *last* journey.



Agitation brought on a nervous fever; and her friends in Paris, for more than a month, dreaded what its final effects might be. She recovered slowly; and one day I was sitting near her in the drawing-room (as I found I could be of no service in Ireland, I went to see her,) when the lady she was staying with, endeavoring to divert her mind, observed, with the good-humored playfulness of her country, that Alice's last work had made a conquest of an old half-Indian gentleman, a Mr. Clifton, an Englishman, she believed, who wished he were young enough to make love to her.

" 'Clifton was my dear grandmother's name,' replied Alice; and she had a brother once, but he died, I believe.' A vague idea, which I could neither account for nor express, took possession of my mind. The next morning I waited on the old gentleman; and judge of my delight and astonishment when I found, after much investigation, that Mr. Clifton was indeed the brother of her grandmother, who had gone abroad when his sister was too young to remember aught about him, and who had returned a wifeless and childless man: and the discovery of such a relative was a source of extraordinary happiness to him. He was a proud, stern man, very unlike the parent she had lost; yet he soon proved that he was anxious to bestow upon her what the world calls substantial proofs of his affection. Being the avowed heiress of a rich Indian merchant could add nothing to the lustre of Alice Lee, but it increased her power of doing good. The idea of Barrybrooke being sold rendered her very miserable. Her uncle, who might well be proud of her, when I mentioned her wish to him, caught with avidity at the idea of gratifying her, and agreed to give money for the purpose, just as if he were bestowing upon her a splendid toy. He wished to visit Dublin, and we set out for that once

splendid city with many and varied feelings. But I tire you,—a moment more and my tale is ended. We were grieved, on our arrival there, to find that the sale had been hurried forward: by the desire of Alice Lee, I wrote to the sheriff, offering terms for the house, &c. of Barrybrooke. Through some precious mistake, my letter miscarried. We drove down to the estate; and here you must let me mention an instance of the delicacy of my favorite's mind—she would not travel in her uncle's carriage, but only in a post-chaise.

" 'It would insult their distress,' she said, 'to go in splendor, when the family of my benefactor is reduced almost to want.' The auction was going on when we drove into the town; we were ten minutes too late—the very house of Barrybrooke had been sold to the architect I spoke of! The kind and generous feelings of my young friend were thus thrown into another channel; she purchased an annuity for 'Cousin Claude,' and to the hour of his death he never knew from whom the income came, that enabled him to live with so much comfort during the five years he survived his uncle. She practised the revenge of a Christian: she did good to those who had spitefully used her, nor were they averse to partake of whatever *crumbs* she chose to bestow."

Mr. Newton looked at his watch:—the kind-hearted, garrulous old gentleman took the hint, only adding, that the motto adopted by Alice, was INDEPENDENCE,—the device, a little bark passing through a stormy sea, with Hope at the helm, and the haven in view; and adding, "Thank God, all the trials of Alice Lee were endured in youth: her after-age was free from them, save and except those inherent in, and doubtless necessary to, human nature."



## THE CURSE OF PROPERTY.

FROM MRS. S. C. HALL'S TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

"Poor Barry!" exclaimed Mr. Newton. "Poory Barry! it was sad to see that once fine property melted away, one could hardly tell how, until even the noble dwelling of his ancestors was sold in lots to a fellow who printed 'Architect' on his card."

"I was his uncle's friend," sighed old Mr. Charles Stanley; "and the remembrance of that family—it is strange, but nevertheless, true—affords me at once exceeding pain and sincere pleasure. I mourn over the love of display, and the pauperising system, pursued by poor but proud relations, by which that fine estate was utterly ruined; and I grieve for it the more, because it is far from being a singular instance of ruin, effected by simi-

lar means. You, my dear friend, will readily believe that the pleasurable reminiscences I experience arise from the noble conduct of that little black-eyed girl, Alice Lee, whom all that family, excepting Claude, the heir-at-law, strove to injure; and to whom even now they grudge the fair name and the fair fame acquired by her own industry and exertions."

"I should like to hear you tell the tale, Mr. Stanley," replied Mr. Newton. "I have heard portions of the history; but the loss of property, consequent upon mismanagement, is unfortunately so common in our poor country, that many such events may have been confused in my memory with this particular one."

"My old friend, Charles Barry," commenced the venerable baronet, "had the misfortune to inherit, with his estate, the charge of some five or six half-brothers and sisters, who married, and had a greater number of 'blessings,' in the form of children, than usually fall to the lot even of Irish gentry. The person he at that time loved<sup>d</sup> most in the world, was his own sister, a young woman nothing differing from other girls of her age and rank, and who, in due time, married two thousand<sup>d</sup> a year (it was so called) and a fox-hunting 'squire. Mr. Barry's health had for some months been on the decline, and he resolved to visit Bath, then esteemed the most fashionable and health-giving place on earth.

"A little scene which occurred at Barrybrooke the evening before his departure, will best illustrate the *ménage* of an Irish bachelor's house in the year eighty-two. I was staying with him at the time, and we had agreed to travel together. I must, however, tell you, that he had determined upon not letting any of his numerous relatives—who came for 'sea air' to Barrybrooke, with the intention of remaining, some for three, others for nine, and others again for twelve months—know aught of his movements. In the evening he summoned, into his study, Jerry Keg—valet by inheritance—and whom I always remember the same stiff, upright, honest-looking fellow, with a grave air, a twinkling eye, and a twisted nose. Jerry entered, his high shoulders propping his ears, his head projecting like that of the tortoise, his hands folded behind his back, his old-fashioned, richly-laced livery sticking out on either side like the fins of a flat-fish.

"'Jerry,' said his master, 'I wish my valise filled with rather a better supply of things than I require when I visit my sister; I wish Black Nell saddled, and as you accompany me, you must take Padreen, I suppose. Have all things ready

by six o'clock to-morrow morning, and tell Meg we shall not return for a month.'

"'It's a clane impossibility, yer Honor,' replied Jerry, bowing; 'Black Nell, I heard the groom say, wanted shoes, and I made an oath never to cross Padreen since he flung me into the apple-tree, over the fence. As to the valise, sir, honey! Mrs. Mooney's little Jack cried for it to make a cart for Bran; indeed, it 'ud surprise yer Honor to see the 'cute-ness of that child—how he settled it car-fashion behind the dog's tail, and made the natest little harness ye ever see, out o' one of the new traces o' yer Honor's gig.'

"'And how dare you, sir,' said my friend, incensed at this new proof of his not being master in his own house, 'how dare you suffer Mrs. Mooney, or any body else, to destroy my property in that way?'

"'Sure, she's yer Honor's half-sister, and I hope I know manners too well to contradict a lady; much less one of yer Honor's blood relations.'

"'Well, pack the things in a trunk, and we can all go in the carriage.'

"'O, boo-boo-boo!—the carriage, is it? Sure, yer Honor's own second cousin, Mr. Finnerty, sint that off yesterday, to bring his nurse and the twins here, and his wife along wid 'em, to give ye an agreeable surprise, as he said, seeing yer Honor's so fond o' children; and it's my own opinion, that sorra a thrunk in the house 'ud hould thegether; they've been all let to drop to pieces, because it's so long since they've been wanting.'

"'What am I to do, Stanley?' said my friend, looking at me despairingly.

"'Simply thus,' I replied; 'let us leave our servants to follow, put a few things into my portmanteau—for I promise you, the outward man will need refitting when we arrive at our destination—and I will ride Dornton's horse.'

"This was agreed upon, to Jerry's mortification, who muttered, 'He could ride the mule any way, tho' it was a stubborn devil, and it was no thing for a gentleman of family and fortune, like his master, to lave his own place without an *attendant*.'

"What do you mean to do with the horde, at present in possession of the house?" I inquired, laughing: I always tried to laugh him out of his faults, for, like most of his countrymen, he was more proof against *reason* than *ridicule*.

"What *can* I do with them?" he replied; 'they are my own kith and kin; and as I am the head of the family and a bachelor—poor creatures!—ay, it is easy for you to laugh—you English folk know nothing, and care less, about long-tailed families; with you, the junior members of a family, both males and females, contribute to their own support; with us—'

"The senior,' I said, 'is expected to provide for all, and is soon rendered, by that means, incapable of providing for himself. In the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you must play almoner to such a tribe, do it in a rational way;—pay them so much a year—say ten, twenty, or thirty pounds each—but I defy any income to stand the constant drains to which yours is exposed;—men, women, and children—dogs, horses, and servants—make an eternal inn of your house. My life on't! you never know, from one year's end to another, how many eat at your board.'

"Meg does—and she is a faithful old creature.'

"True; but she has so long been accustomed to this Castle-Rack-rent system, that it is for you to commence the reform—you cannot expect *her* to do it.'

"Faith, Charles, you are right,' he replied; 'but you cannot enter into my feelings. To tell you the simple truth, I could not afford to pay half the people I support ten pounds a year.'

"Permit me to ask how much their support costs you?"

"Eh?—O! a mere trifle, I suppose: but seriously' (and he fixed his fine blue eyes upon me as he spoke,) 'you do not suppose me capable of the meanness of calculating what people eat and drink?'

"I would only wish you capable of the wisdom of considering whether, in justice to others, you can literally *give* more than you possess.'

"Justice! what do you mean?"

"Forgive me, my dear Barry, but have you paid off any of the embarrassments which hung over the estate when you came of age?"

"I cannot say I have.'

"If you have not paid off the principal, I trust the interest has been punctually discharged.'

"I cannot say that it has. I am never pressed for it; and somehow or other, the rents slip through my fingers before I have time to think of my debts.'

"Of course you investigate the accounts of your agent and steward regularly?"

"Strange beings you Englishmen are! My agent's a glorious fellow—exact as a dial, punctual as a dun. O, no! no necessity in the world to look after him; and as to my steward, faith! he's a clever fellow—so ingenious! cannot write much, but has a way of his own of keeping accounts—particular sorts of crosses he makes—amazingly curious, I assure you.'

"I smiled and sighed. Jerry knocked at the door.

"I want to spake to yer Honor.'

"Speak out, then, at once.'

"It's Mr. Maberly, the grazier, called about the three fat bullocks he sold yer Honor last Christmas, to kill for the poor; and if it 'ud be convenient jist to let him have the money, now.'

"Tell him it is *not* convenient, and

send him to Dennis; why should he pester me about his dead bullocks? I thought he was paid long ago; there, leave the room.'

"'The widdy Rooney is below, on account that her son is kilt intirely, and as good as dead, by the Spilloogue boys; and she thought, maybe, ye'd help her in her throuble.'

"'Poor thing! there, give her that,' tossing a guinea on the table; 'tell her, I'll commit her son if he gets into any of these broils again.'

"'God bless you, sir! I'll tell him not to brile agen—if he can help it.'

"'What, is he below?'

"'As much as is left of him, yer Honor;' and away went Jerry. The just creditor, therefore, was dismissed without even an apology—the riotous youth with a reward! I noted this, and more!—I urged his remaining even for a day or two longer, for the purpose of arranging his accounts. It was useless; he laughed me off, and promised, that on his return he would—'see about it.' Alas! how many of the bright and shining lights of this poor country have been extinguished by PROCRASTINATION!

"His easy manners, his good-nature, and really handsome person, made him an universal favorite at Bath, and many a lady of large fortune would readily have bestowed upon him hand and heart; but Charles was no fortune-hunter—he considered the lust of gold

'The last corruption of degenerate man,'

and fixed his affections upon a young and beautiful widow lady with one daughter, whom he had accidentally met at the house of a mutual friend. Although his passion was violent, I saw good reason why it should be lasting. United to feminine loveliness, she possessed the rare endowments of judgment and gentleness; there was a steadiness, a sobriety about

her, which made Barry often say, in the words of the poet,

'I have a heart for her that's kind,  
A lip for her that smiles;  
But if her mind be like the wind,  
I'd rather foot it twenty miles.'

"'She is so uniform,' he would add, 'that I almost think her too good for me, who am so volatile; yet I love her the more for the contrast.'

"It is exceedingly difficult to throw off the trammels that have grown with our growth; and when he was accepted by this interesting woman, he positively wanted courage to write and inform his sister of his intended marriage.

"'Poor thing,' said he to me, one morning, 'she will so grieve at my being married; for she has even now instilled into the mind of her only son, Claude, who is about six years of age, that he is to be sole heir to my property.'

"'If,' I replied, 'she has been absurd enough so to act, she deserves punishment. In addition to supporting the cousin-clan, is it usual for the head of a family to remain in a state of single blessedness to please his relations?'

"He smiled; but not until after they were united did he communicate his attachment to his sister. He went further;—he wrote to old Meg, to say, that grieved as he might feel, it was necessary that no visitors should remain at Barry-brooke, as Mrs. Barry disliked company. So far so good; would that he had persevered in a course so decided!

"I could not repeat, if I would, the innumerable mortifications which Mrs. Barry experienced on her visiting Ireland for the first time. The manners and habits of the people ill accorded with her English feelings. From being the admired and beloved of a circle of intellectual and accomplished persons, she found herself shut up in a castellated, dilapidated house, with bare-footed house-maids (I speak of what *was* forty years since) and

other servants, to whom the English language was totally unknown. Everything, from the kitchens to the attics of the rambling building, wanted arrangement; and she was bewildered where first to commence a reformation. Out of two-and-twenty servants, to discharge ten appeared the most likely mode of getting any thing done properly; and this step immediately made her unpopular with the peasantry. Then she blundered dreadfully as to the management of her parties,—asked Orangemen and their wives to meet the priest of the parish; and placed the rector's wife, at table, above a lady who was second-cousin to the great Earl of Ormond! These offences were not to be forgiven in a neighborhood where every circumstance formed an event, and where, if truth must be told, the women envied her beauty;—the men feared her intellect. Then the family!—how was it to be expected they could pardon Mr. Barry for marrying, at all, in the first place, and for not consulting them, in the second? The thing was impossible, and they acted accordingly.

“Harriet, the daughter of Mrs. Barry by her first marriage, was a proud and silent girl, but possessed of exquisite feeling. Her troubles were hard and many; but they were not of long duration; she pined; and wasted, and wept in secret; and at last, as the only way left of escaping from a place where she felt every eye glared suspiciously on her, clandestinely married, and, in less than twelve months afterwards, gave birth to a female child, and died. Mr. Barry, with the pure kindness of spirit which always characterized his impulses, gave the little orphan into his wife's arms, and bursting into tears, exclaimed—‘It is your grandchild,—it shall be also mine; I will be unto it a true parent.’

“You know that my friend had not been blessed with children; the feeling, therefore, on his part towards the helpless

innocent was but just and natural. The person most displeased, when my little friend Alice Lee took up her abode at Barrybrooke, was Mr. Barry's sister; her son, Claude Barry, as he was always called (his father, by the way, two years after his birth, broke his neck at a steeplechase,) was naturally considered heir to his uncle's property; and it was a grievous thing, in her opinion, for a stranger to take even a small part of the good things she expected her son to possess exclusively. Claude himself was always a good-natured boy, though not much given to reflection.

“‘I can't think why you all hate that little child,’ he would say; ‘she is a merry soul, and gets my uncle out of his nervous fits sooner than any one else, with her innocent prattle; she is quite a comfort in the long winter evenings when the place is too dull for us to remain there.’

“‘Innocent, indeed!’ replied one of the *famille coterie*, when the observation was finished. ‘I wonder how *she* could be *innocent*, tutored as she is by her grandmother.’

“‘I am astonished you have not more discernment, Claude, than not to see,’ said his mother, ‘that the little imp is brought up with mighty high notions: the very last time I was there, she cried because there was no sugar in her bread and milk.’

“‘It's a comfort,’ kindly added a third, ‘that the child is indisputably ugly;—a little bit of a thing, notwithstanding all the cramming she gets, with a monstrous forehead towering over her eyes, making her look as if she had water on the brain.’

“‘She's as proud as Lucifer,’ chimed in a fourth, ‘and would stamp like a fury, if she hadn't a clean frock on twice a day; fine English airs, indeed!’

“‘We may all be obliged to her yet, for all that,’ said Claude, laughing, and mak-

ing the remark more from a love of tormenting, than aught else; 'poor thing! I shall be the only one among you, who never thought or said an unkind word of her!'

"'And more fool you!' and 'you'll repent it!' and that always safe and wise saying, 'Time will tell!' was echoed about, through the scandalous council, until poor Claude wished the holidays were over, and he was fairly back at school. The following summer, many of the same party were staying at Barrybrooke; for disagreeable as they certainly were to Mrs. Barry, she bore their society with praiseworthy forbearance: unfortunately, some words had arisen between her and Claude's mother, on a very unimportant matter, and the lady was anxious for an opportunity of mortifying her sister-in-law. Mr. Barry was from home; but after dinner, when the dessert was placed on the table, Mrs. Barry desired the servant to send in Miss Alice, who was then about six years old. The little girl came in, as usual, to her grandmamma's knee, and at the moment Claude was helping himself to some currants.

"'Give a few of those to Alice, dear,' said Mrs. Barry.

"'Help yourself first, my darling,' observed his mother; adding, in a bitter under-tone, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs.'

"Mrs. Barry rose as she spoke; and I shall never forget the dignity with which she crossed the dining-hall, to leave the apartment in which she had suffered so gross an insult:—those who felt justly (I was one of the number) followed. Alice perfectly understood what had passed; and the little thing stood where her grandmamma had sat, swelling with rage. Claude heaped the plate with currants, and called her affectionately to his side. Alice looked at him with an expression I

shall never forget. At last, swallowing her passion, she shook her head, and turning to his mother, said, very quietly,—

"'I am no dog; I am, as you often called me, a little ugly girl; but the time may come, when those who hate me now, may be glad to pick up crumbs from *my* table, and thank me for them too.'

"This spirited reply, coming from one so young, drew forth many and various observations from the party. Claude was indignant at the cruelty of his parent, and followed his aunt with apologies, and even tears. This was only one incident in a thousand of the dislike evinced to this hapless child, of whose father, I should have told you, nothing had been heard for a considerable period, as he went abroad on the death of his wife. In the meantime, the circumstances of my old friend were far from improving; his habitual neglect of money matters, and his eternal procrastinations, were swiftly leading to a ruin, which, as Mrs. Barry was ignorant of its extent, she could not avert. Indeed, the very exactness with which she conducted household matters, was attributed to her as a crime.

"'Where's the use of painting palings, for the rain to batter against?' said one; —'such expense, indeed!'

"'Then,' said another, 'there was an enormous bill for building two pig-sties: even if the bastes did get into the garden, now and then, what grate matter was it? where's the good of flowers?'

"'Couldn't she let the tenants go on as they used,' exclaimed a fourth, 'and take the spinning and duty fowls from their wives, as others did before her? What was the time of the poor to them? Talk of extravagance! wasn't it the height of extravagance to pay women for spinning, when it could be done for nothing?'

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NO.]



## T H E G O V E R N E S S .

FROM MRS. S. C. HALL'S TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

### PART THE FIRST.

I H E A D my advertisement thus:—  
“Wanted—a governess,” commenced Mrs. Gresham:—who had called upon her sister, Mrs. Hylier, to consult concerning the important document; Mrs. Gresham and Mrs. Hylier being both in want of resident governesses to educate their children. A visitor was also present, a Mrs. Ryal, confessedly the “most clever woman” of the neighborhood—an astonishing manager; but although the ladies desired her advice, they were somewhat in dread of her sarcasm.

Mrs. Gresham had repeated, “Wanted

—a governess,” when an old gentleman, a Mr. Byfield, was announced. The trio of wives and mothers looked at each other, as if to say, “What a bore!”—and then Mrs. Hylier rose gracefully from her *chaise longue*, and, smiling sweetly, extended her hand, and welcomed Mr. Byfield with exceeding warmth of manner; while Mrs. Gresham and Mrs. Ryal declared aloud their delight at being so fortunate as to meet a neighbor they had so rarely the pleasure to see.

The party thus assembled were all inhabitants of the bustling yet courtly suburb of Kensington; and Mr. Byfield



being a rich and influential, though a very eccentric, man, was sure of the deference which people of small means are too prone to exhibit towards those whose fortunes are ample.

"Do not let me interrupt you in the least, ladies," said the old man, quietly taking his seat near the window. "Mr. Hylier promised I should look over these pictures by daylight; and when you have talked your own talk, there will be time enough for mine." The ladies, one and all, declared their conviction that his "talk" must be more pleasant and instructive than theirs. He smiled—shook his head—touched his hat, (which he had laid at his feet) as if to say he would either go, or have his own way; and so Mrs. Gresham recommenced reading—"Wanted—a governess. Any lady possessing a sound English education, a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of instrumental and vocal music, and a perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian, and German languages; also with the rudiments of Latin:"

"Latin!" interrupted Mrs. Ryal.—"Latin! why, what *do* you want with Latin for a pack of girls?"

"I thought," answered Mrs. Gresham, meekly, "that as there are but three girls, Teddy might do his lessons with them for a little while; and that would save the expense of a tutor."

"Oh, very good—very good," replied Mrs. Ryal; "then add also, Greek; if the governess is anything of a classic, you'll get both for the same money."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Ryal; how clever you are! G-r, there are two e's in Greek?—also the rudiments of Latin and Greek."

"I beg your pardon once more," said the provokingly 'clever lady'; "but make it Greek and Latin; that is the correct way."

"Greek and Latin, and the principles of drawing—if her character will bear the strictest investigation, may hear of a

highly respectable situation by applying to Z. P."

"Post-paid," again suggested Mrs. Ryal.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Gresham, "and as the lady will be treated as one of the family, a high salary will not be given."

"Well," said Mrs. Ryal, "I think that will do. You have not specified writing and arithmetic."

"English education includes that, does it not?"

"Why, yes; but you have said nothing about the sciences."

"The children are so young."

"But they grow older every day."

"Indeed, that is true," observed pretty Mrs. Hylier with a sigh, and a glance at the pier-glass. "My Ellen, though only ten, looks thirteen. I wish her papa would let her go to school; but one of his sisters imbibed some odd philosophic notions at school, so that he won't hear of it."

"Certainly," observed Mrs. Ryal, "I will never again take a governess into my house to reside—they are all *exigents*. One was imprudent enough to wish to get married, and expected to come into the drawing-room when there was company of an evening. Another would have a bedroom to herself; though, I am sure, no one could object to sleep in the same room with my own maid. Another—really the world is very depraved—occasioned a painful difference between Mr. Ryal and myself; and let *that* be a warning to you, my dear friends, not to admit any pretty, quiet, sentimental young ladies into your domestic circles. Mr. Ryal is a very charming man, and a good man; but men are but men, after all, and can be managed by any one who will flatter them a little. Of course, he is a man of the highest honor; but there is no necessity for having a person in the house who plays and sings *better* than one's-self."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Ryal!" exclaimed both voices, "you need never fear com-

parison with any one." The jealous lady looked pleased, but shook her head.— "Well, at last I resolved to be my own governess—with the assistance of a *young person*, who comes daily for *three*, and sometimes I get *four*, hours out of her; and she is very reasonable—two guineas a month, and dines with the children. She is not *all* I could wish. Her manners are a little defective, for she is not exactly a lady. Her father is a very respectable man, keeps that large butter shop at the corner—I forget—somewhere off Piccadilly; but I prefer it, my dear ladies, I prefer it—she does all the drudgery without grumbling. Your officers' and clergymen's daughters, and decayed gentlewomen, why, their high-toned manners—if they never speak a word—prevent one's being quite at ease *with* them, though they are, after all, only governesses."

"But," suggested Mrs. Gresham, mildly, "lady-like manners are so very necessary."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Ryal, "so they are; for you and I"——

"And children so easily imbibe vulgar habits, that it is really *necessary* to have a lady with them."

"Well," said Mrs. Ryal, with a sneer, "ladies are plenty enough. I dare-say you will have fifty answers. What salary do you mean to give?"

Mrs. Gresham was a timid, but kind-hearted woman; one who desired to do right, but had hardly courage to combat wrong. She was incapable of treating any thing unkindly, but she would be guilty of injustice if justice gave her much trouble; she hesitated, because she required a great deal, and intended to give very little.

"I cannot give more than five-and-twenty pounds a year to any one," said Mrs. Hylier, in a decided tone. "My husband says we cannot afford to keep two men-servants and a governess. He wanted me to give the governess seventy,

and discharge Thomas; but that was quite impossible; so I have made up my mind. There are only two girls; no boys, like my sister Gresham's little 'Teddy;' she can spend every evening in the drawing-room when we are by ourselves—have the keys of the piano and library—amuse herself with my embroidery—go to church in the carriage on Sunday—and drive at least once a-week with the children in the Park. There!" added Mrs. Hylier; "I am sure there are hundreds of accomplished women who would jump at such a situation, if they knew of it."

"Washing included?" inquired Mrs. Ryal.

"No. I think she must pay for her own washing, unless there was some great inducement."

"You allow no followers?"

"Oh, certainly not. What can a governess want of friends? Her pupils ought to have all her time."

"God help her!" murmured the old gentleman. The murmur was so indistinct that the ladies only looked at each other; and then Mrs. Hylier said, "Did you speak, sir?" There was no answer; the conversation was resumed with half a whisper from one lady to another, that perhaps Mr. Byfield was not deaf at all times.

"And what do *you* intend giving, Mrs. Gresham?" questioned Mrs. Ryal.

"I have three girls and a boy," she replied; "and I thought of forty."

"It will be impossible to prevent your governess from talking to mine, and then mine will get discontented; that is not fair, Fanny," observed her sister; "say five-and-thirty, allowing for the difference of number."

"And plenty I call it," said Mrs. Ryal. "What do they want but clothes? They never lay by for a rainy day. There are hundreds—yes, of well-born, and well-bred ladies—who would be glad of such situations."

"I am sorry for it," said the old gentleman, rising and advancing to where the three Kensington wives were seated; "I am very sorry for it."

"Indeed, Mr. Byfield! why, we shall have the better choice."

"Forgive me, ladies, for saying so—but still more am I grieved at that. Permit me to read your advertisement."

Mrs. Gresham colored; Mrs. Hylier had sufficient command over herself not to appear annoyed; but Mrs. Ryal, the oracle of a *clique*, the "clever woman," who had, by dint of self-esteem and effrontery, established a reputation for intellectual superiority over those who were either too indolent or too ignorant to question her authority, evinced her displeasure by throwing herself back in her chair, loosening the tie of her bonnet, and dressing her lips in one of those supercilious smiles that would mar the beauty of an angel.

"Wanted, a governess," read the old gentleman, who frequently interrupted himself to make such observations as the following:—"Any lady possessing a sound English education—that in itself is no easy thing to attain—a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of vocal and instrumental music—a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of either the one or the other, requires the labor of a *man's* life, my good ladies—and a perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian, and German languages—how very useless and absurd to found professorships of modern languages in our new colleges, when, in addition to the musical knowledge that would create a composer, a single person, a young female, can be found possessed of a *perfect* acquaintance with French, Italian, and German! Oh, wonderful age!—also, the rudiments of Greek and Latin—may hear of a highly respectable situation by applying to Z. P., post-paid, Post-Office, Kensington. Much as you expect in the way of acquirements and accomplishments, la-

dies," continued the critic, still retaining fast hold of poor Mrs. Gresham's document, "you have not demanded a great deal in the score of religion or morality—neither are mentioned in your list of requisites."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Hylier, "they are taken for granted. No one would think of engaging a governess that was not moral and all that sort of thing, which are always matters of course."

"To be sure they are," added Mrs. Ryal, in that peremptory tone which seemed to say, Do you dare to question my opinion? "To be sure they are; and every one knows that nothing can be more determined with respect to religion and morality than my practice with my children. Rain, hail, or sunshine, well or ill, the governess must be in the house before the clock strikes nine. Psalms read the first thing; and if they have not got well through the French verbs, a chapter besides *for punishment*; catechism, Wednesdays and Fridays; and the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, by heart, every Sunday after church. I always do two things at once, when I can; and this strengthens their memory, and teaches them religion at the same time. I never questioned my governess as to religion; it looks narrow-minded; and yet *mine* never dreams of objecting to what I desire."

"I should think not," was Mr. Byfield's quiet rejoinder; "strange ideas your children will entertain of the religion that is rendered a punishment instead of a reward."

Mrs. Ryal grasped the tassel of her muff, but made no reply.

"Oh," he continued, "here is the pith in a postscript—'As the lady will be treated as one of the family, a high salary will not be given.' Ladies!" exclaimed the old man, "do you not blush at this? You ask for the fruits of an education that, if it be half what you demand, must have cost the governess the labour of a

life, and her friends many hundred pounds. It is your duty to treat as one of your family the person who is capable of bestowing upon your children the greatest of earthly blessings; and you make the doing so a reason for abridging a stipend, which pays a wretched interest for time and money. Shame, ladies, shame!"

The ladies looked at each other, and at last Mrs. Hylier said, "Really, sir, I do not see it at all in the light in which you put it. I know numberless instances where they are glad to come for less."

Tears came into Mrs. Gresham's eyes, and Mrs. Ryal kicked the ottoman violently.

"The more the pity," continued Mr. Byfield; "but I hold it to be a principle of English honesty, to pay for value received, and of English honor not to take advantage of distress."

"Suppose we cannot afford it, sir—am I to do without a governess for my children because my husband cannot pay her sixty or seventy pounds a-year?"

"But you said just now, madam, that Mr. Hylier wished you to pay that sum."

"Yes," stammered the fair economist, "if—if"—

"If you could manage with one footman," said the old gentleman, "instead of two. In my young days, my wife, who had but one child, and we were poor, said to me—'Joseph, our girl is growing up without education, and I cannot teach, for I never learned, but we must send her to school.' I answered that we could not afford it. 'Oh, yes, we can,' she said; 'I will discharge our servant; I will curtail our expenses in every way, because I am resolved that she shall be well educated, and honestly paid for.' It never occurred to that right-minded, yet simple-hearted, woman to propose lower terms to a governess, but she proposed less indulgence to herself. Thus she rendered justice. She would sooner have worked her fingers to the bone than have bargained for intellect. Ay, Mrs. Ryal,

you may laugh; but of all meannesses, the meanest is that which depreciates mind, and having no power but the power that proceeds from a full purse, insults the indigence which often hides more of the immaterial world beneath a russet gown, than your wealth can purchase."

"My wealth!" exclaimed the offended lady; *your* wealth, if you please; but though *your* wealth, and your oddity, and your altogether, may awe some people, they *can* have no effect upon *me*, Mr. Byfield—none in the world; every one says you are a strange creature."

"My dear Mrs. Ryal," said Mrs. Hylier, "you positively must not grow angry with our *dear* friend, Mr. Byfield; he does not mean half what he says."

"I beg you pardon," interrupted the eccentric old gentleman; "I mean a great deal more. I only wish I had the means of giving to the world my opinion as to the inestimable value of domestic education for females. I would have every woman educated within the sanctuary of her own home. I would not loosen the smallest fibre of the affection which binds her to her father's house; it should be at once her altar and her throne; but as it is a blessing which circumstances prevent many from enjoying, I would command the legislature of this mighty country to devise some means for the better ordering and investigation of 'ladies' boarding schools.' To set up an establishment for young ladies is very often the last resource for characterless women, and persons who, failing in all else, resort to that as a means of subsistence. Such temporary homes should be under the closest superintendence of high-minded and right-thinking gentlewomen. I look upon the blue-boarded and brass-plated schools that swarm in our suburbs," he added, as he turned away to hide an emotion he could not control—"I look upon them as the very charnel-houses of morality."

Mrs. Ryal elevated her eyebrows, and

shrugged her shoulders, while the gentle Mrs. Gresham whispered her "not to mind; that Mr. Byfield was half-mad on the subject of schools."

"Ladies," said the old man, apparently recovered from his agitation, and in his usually quiet, calm, yet harshly-toned voice; "ladies, you are, in different degrees, all women of the world; you live with it, and for it, and you are of it, but you are also mothers; and though *your* Ellen, Mrs. Hylier, does grow so fast as almost to overtake her mother's beauty, and you, Mrs. Ryal, stand in open defiance of vulgar contagion, because you fear a rival in a well-bred governess, and get more time out of your daily laborer than you would expect from your milliner for the same money; and you, Mrs. Gresham—but I cannot say to you more than that you all love your children—some more, some less—still, according to your natures, you *all* love them dearly. So did I mine. My child was all the world to me! I told you what her poor mother did for her improvement—the sacrifice she made. But though we had the longing to secure for her every advantage, we had no skill as to the means of obtaining the knowledge we so desired her to possess. We placed her at a 'first-rate school,' as it was called, and thought we had done our duty; but this going from her home loosened the cords of love that bound her to us. And when a sudden stroke of good fortune converted a poor into a rich man, and we brought our child to a splendid house, we found that our daughter's morals had been corrupted through the means of her companions—an evil the most difficult of all for a governess to avert—and that she had imbibed moral poison with her mental food." The old gentleman became so agitated, that he could not proceed; and angry as the ladies had been with him a few moments before for a plain-speaking which amounted to rudeness, they could not avoid sympathising with his feelings.

"But we are not going to send our children to a school," suggested Mrs. Gresham.

"I know that, madam," he replied; "but I want to convince you, by comparison, of the blessings that await the power of cultivating both the intellect and the affections under your own roof, and so argue you into the necessity of paying honestly, if not liberally, the woman upon the faithful discharge of whose duties depends the *future* happiness or misery of those dear ones whom you have brought into the world. It is now twenty-two years since I saw that daughter; I shall never see her again in this world; I thought I had strength to tell you the story, painful as it is, but I have not. I would have done so, in the hope that I might have shown you how valuable, past all others, are the services rendered by a worthy and upright woman when entrusted with the education of youth; but when I think of my lost child, I forget every thing else. She stands before me as I speak. My blue-eyed lovely one! all innocence and truth—the light, and life, and love of that small four-roomed cottage; and then she loved me truly and dearly; and there again she is—most beautiful, but cankered at the heart, fair, and frail! Lay your children in their graves, and ring the joy-bells over them rather than intrust them to the whirling pestilence of a large school, or the care of a *cheap* governess!"

"He certainly is mad," whispered Mrs. Ryal to Mrs. Hylier, while the old gentleman, folding his hands one within the other, walked up and down the room, his thoughts evidently far away from the three wives, who were truly, as he had said "mere women of the world." And yet he was right—they all loved their children, but it was after their own fashion; Mrs. Gresham with the most tenderness—she wished them to be good and happy; Mrs. Hylier's affection was mingled with a strong desire that they might

continue in a state of innocence as long as possible, and not grow too fast. Mrs. Ryal had none of that weakness; she did not care a whit whether she was considered old or young, as long as she was obeyed; so she determined her girls should have as little of what is called heart as possible, that they might be free to accept the best offers when they were made. She was continually contrasting riches and poverty. All the rich were angels, and all the poor thieves; there were no exceptions; those who married according to their parents' wishes rode in carriages, with two tall footmen behind each; those who married for love walked a-foot with draggled tails, and died in a workhouse. Of all women in Kensington, Mr. Byfield disliked Mrs. Ryal the most, and seeing her at Mrs. Hylier's had irritated him more than he cared to confess even to himself. Mrs. Ryal entertained a corresponding animosity towards Mr. Byfield; she had resolved, come what would, to "sit him out;" but she was afraid if she remained much longer, that Miss Stack, the daily governess, whose mother was ill, might go a few minutes before her time was up, and she had more than once caught her shaking the hour-glass—so much for the honesty of one party and the consideration of the other; she knew perfectly well that as soon as she was gone, she would be abused "by the old monster;" for she was conscious that, if he had gone, it would have given her extreme pleasure and satisfaction to abuse him. The old gentleman had not spoken for several minutes, but continued to walk up and down, pausing every now and then to look at her over his spectacles, as if to inquire, "when do you mean to take your departure?" Mrs. Ryal was too exalted to notice this; but after consideration, she rose with much dignity, shook hands with her two "dear friends," dropped a most exaggerated curtsy to Mr. Byfield, who, the moment she was out of the

room, threw himself into an easy chair, and drew a lengthened inspiration, which said plainly enough, "Thank heaven, she is gone!"

"And now, ladies," he exclaimed, "finding that *you* want a governess, I want to recommend one—not to you, Mrs. Gresham; notwithstanding 'little Teddy,' she would be too happy with you. I should like her to live with *you*, Mrs. Hylier."

"With me, sir? Why, after the censure you have passed upon us both, I should hardly think you would recommend us a dog, much less a governess."

"I expect you will treat your governess hardly as well as I treat my dog," was the ungracious reply.

"Really, Mr. Byfield"——

"Psha, ladies," interrupted the strange old man; "no words about it; I have not been so long your opposite neighbor without knowing that your last governess did not sit at your table; that when you had the hot, she had the cold; that when a visiter came, she went; that she was treated as a creature belonging to an intermediate state of society, which has never been defined or illustrated—being too high for the kitchen, too low for the parlor; that she was to govern her temper towards those who never governed their tempers towards her; that she was to cultivate intellect, yet sit silent as a fool; that she was to instruct in all accomplishments, which she must know and feel, yet never play anything in society except quadrilles, *because* she played so well that she might eclipse the young ladies who, not being governesses, play for husbands, while she only plays for bread! My good madam, I know almost every governess who enters Kensington—by sight; the daily ones by their early hours, cotton umbrellas, and the cowed, dejected air with which they raise the knocker, uncertain how to let it fall. Do I not know the musical ones by the worn out boa doubled round their throats, and the

roll of new music clasped in the thinly gloved hand?—and the drawing ones—God help them—by the small portfolio, pallid cheeks, and haggard eyes? I could tell you tales of those hard-laboring classes that would make factory labor seem a toy; but you would not understand me, though you *can* understand that you want a governess, and you can also understand that I, Joseph Byfield, hope you will take one of my recommending."

The sisters looked at each other, as well as to say, "What shall we do?"

Mrs. Hylier assumed a cheerful, careless air, and replied—"Well, sir, who is your governess?"

"*WHO* she exactly is, Mrs. Hylier, I will not tell you; and she does not know, though she imagines she does; *what* she is I will tell you. She is handsome, without the consciousness of beauty—accomplished, without affectation—gentle, without being inanimate—and I should suppose patient; for she has been a teacher in a school, as well as in what is called a *private* family; but I want to see her patience tested."

"Is she a good musician?"

"Better than most women."

"And a good artist?"

"This was not in the bond; but she does confound perspective, and distort the human body as excellently as most teachers of—the art that can immortalise"—

"My dear sir"—

"Ay, ay; half a dozen chalk heads—a few tawdry landscapes, with the lights scratched out, and the shadows rubbed in—a bunch of flowers on velvet, and a bundle of handscreens"—

"My dear sir," interrupted Mrs. Hylier, "these sort of things would not suit my daughters; what they do must be *artistic*."

"Then get an artist to teach them; you go upon the principle of expecting Hertz to paint like Eastlake, and Eastlake to play like Hertz. Madam, she is a well-informed, prudent, intelligent gen-

tlewoman; with feeling and understanding; consequently doing nothing ill, because she will not attempt what she cannot accomplish. She will not undertake to *finish* (that's the term, I think) pupils in either music or drawing, but she will do her best; and as she has resided abroad, I am told (for I hate every language except my own) she is a good linguist; and I will answer for her accepting the five-and-twenty pounds a-year."

"Very desirable, no doubt," muttered Mrs. Hylier, unwilling, for sundry reasons of great import connected with her husband, to displease Mr. Byfield, and yet most unwilling to receive into her family a person whom, judging of others by herself, she imagined must be a spy upon her *menage*.

"I knew you would so consider any one I recommended," said the old gentleman, with a smile that evinced the consciousness of power; "and when shall the '*young person*' (that is the phrase, is it not?)—when shall she come?"

"I think I should like to see her first," answered the lady, hesitating.

"Very good; but to what purpose? you know you will take her?"

"Any thing to oblige you, my dear sir; but has she no female friend?"

"Some one of you ladies said a few moments ago, that a governess had no need of friends."

"You are aware, Mr. Byfield, it is usual upon such occasions to consult the lady the governess resided with last; it is usual; I do not want to insist upon it, because I am sure you understand exactly what I require."

"Indeed, madam, I do not pretend to such extensive information; I know, I think, what you *ought* to require, that is all. However, if you wish, you shall have references besides mine," and Mr. Byfield looked harder and stiffer than ever. He walked up to a small water-color drawing that hung above a little table, and contemplated it, twirling his

cane about in a half circle all the time. The subject was ugly enough to look at—a long chimney emitting a column of dense smoke like a steamer, and a slated building stuck on one side, being a view of the “Achilles saw mills,” which Mr. Hylier had lately purchased, a considerable portion of the purchase-money having been advanced by Mr. Byfield.

“No matter how odd, how rude, how incomprehensible our old neighbor is, Caroline,” Mr. Hylier had said to his wife only that morning; “no matter what he does, or says, or fancies; if you contradict or annoy him, it will be my ruin.”

Her husband’s words were forcibly recalled to her by the attitude and look of the old gentleman, and she answered—“Oh, dear no, sir, not at all; one cannot help anxiety on such a subject; and I must only endeavor to make the lady comfortable, and all that sort of thing, although I fear she may complain to you of”——

“No, no, madam,” he interrupted; “I do not desire her to be treated in any way better than your former governess; I wish to see how she bears the rubs of life; I *particularly* request that no change whatever be made in her favor; if I wished her to be quiet and comfortable, I should have sent her to my gentle little friend Mrs. Gresham.”

Mrs. Hylier bit her lip. “Good morning, ladies; when shall Miss Dawson—her name is Emily Dawson—when shall she come?”

“When you please, sir.”

“To-morrow, then, at twelve.”

He shut the door; Mrs. Gresham rang the bell; and Mrs. Hylier, in a weak fit of uncontrollable vexation, burst into tears.

“Did you ever know such a savage?” exclaimed Mrs. Gresham.

“I am sure you have no reason to complain—if it was not for the hold he has over Hylier”——

“I wonder if she is any relation of

his?” said Mrs. Gresham, who was a little given to romance.

“Not she, indeed; he is as proud as Lucifer, and has money enough to enable him to live in a palace.”

“Could it be possible that he intends to marry?” suggested Mrs. Gresham.

“Marry, indeed; would any man that could prevent it, permit the woman he intended to marry to be a governess? No. I’ll trouble my head no more about it; let her come; one is pretty much the same as another; the only thing that really gives me pain is, that Mrs. Ryal should have heard so much of it; she’s a regular bell-woman; likes to have the earliest information of whatever goes on in the world, so as to be the first to set it going. She was the means of the dismissal of five governesses only last winter, and there is no end to the matches of her breaking. She will declare the girl is—the Lord knows what—if she finds all out.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Gresham, musingly, “after all, it is very odd; only fancy Mr. Byfield taking an interest in a governess *at all*. Still, I must insert my advertisement, and I think I might substitute dancing for Greek; they are about equally useful, and one must not be too unreasonable.”

“Very considerate and good of you, Fanny,” said her sister; “but believe me, the more you require the more you will get; and I am not sure that Mrs. Ryal was wrong about the sciences; every day something fresh starts up that no one ever heard of before, and one must be able to talk about it; it is really very fatiguing to keep up with all the new things, and somehow I do not think the credit one gets by the knowledge is half enough to repay one for the labor.”

“Mr. Gresham says the whole system, or, as *he* calls it, *no* system, of female education is wrong.”

“My dear Fanny, how absurd you are! What can men possibly know of female education? There is my husband, a



worthy man as ever lived, and yet he will tell you that the whole object of female education should be to make women—now only imagine what?”

“I am sure I do not know.”

“Why, good wives and mothers.”

Both ladies laughed, and then Mrs. Hylier exclaimed, “to think of my taking any one into my house under such circumstances! But at all events, I must prepare the children for their new *governess*.”



## THE MOURNER.

"It is very lonely, mamma," murmured a fair-haired, lovely girl, as she rested on the sofa one evening; "it is very lonely now, and the night seems very long. Shall I never see papa any more?"

"Yes, my love, you shall see him in a brighter world than this."

"But this is a fair world," said the little girl, "I love to run and play in the warm sunshine, and pick the water-cresses from the brook, and when the weather is a little warmer, I shall go and gather the blue-eyed violet, that pa said was so like me."

"Too like, I fear," said the mother, and the tear drop trembled on the drooping lid, "but, my child, there is a fairer world than this, where the flowers never fade, where the clouds never hide the light of the glory of Him whose name is "Love," beaming brightly and forever in those golden courts; the trees that grow on the banks of the river that waters that blessed place, never fade as they do in this world; and when friends meet there, they will be parted no more, but will

sing hymns of praise to God and the Lamb forever."

"And shall I go to that place when I die," said the child, "and will you go with me?"

"Yes," said the mother, "we shall go in God's own time; when he calls us from this life, we shall dwell with him forever."

It was a little while, and the mother bent over the grave of this little flower of intellect, withered by the untimely frosts of death; but was she alone when, in the twilight shades, she sat upon the grassy mound, when the deep and yearning hopes of that fond heart was gathered in oblivious silence? Oh, no! the soft and silvery tones of buried love whispered in the breeze that lifted the drooping flowers overcharged by the dewy tears of night. The diamond stars that, one by one, came forth upon their shining watch, seemed beaming with the light of that lifeless flame which burned undimmed upon the inmost shrine of the heart; and she enjoyed, in the hours of solitude, that communion of pure spirits which our exalted faith alone can bestow.

## THE PERVERSION OF MUSIC.

### FASHIONABLE MUSICAL LITERATURE, AND YOUNG LADIES' MUSICAL EDUCATION.

BY CHAS. COLLINS, JR.

"There's sure no passion in the human soul  
But finds its food in MUSIC."

MUSIC is one of the most universal and enduring gifts which our beneficent Creator has bestowed upon us; and, viewed in reference to its power over the mind and passions, is second only to religion, with which, in fact, it naturally seeks to ally itself. Its *moral power* is unspeakably great, when directed through proper channels.

Associated with pure sentiments, it leads the soul to the experience of joy and gratification, unknown as the results of any other art; induces and promotes the delightful pleasures of social intercourse; and raises the heart above the sordid and sensual things of earth, to enjoy the sweet circle of friendship, in whose atmosphere the ear drinks in the soft melody, and the mind dwells contentedly, entranced by the exquisite charms of music's mysterious spell!

Notwithstanding such is the chief province of this invaluable gift, it is very often, and most astonishingly perverted. Not in the music with which all nature is vocal,—for the feathered tribe of songsters for ever and anon send forth their melodies upon the morning and evening zephyrs as a thank-offering, directed to their heavenly Author, as it would seem, too, for the very purpose of affording erring man a lesson,—to teach him *how* to use this talent in his possession.

But, how often is music made the direct means, (in its being falsely appropriated, by the performance of songs, unholy in sentiment, and, beside, grossly obscene, and even lascivious,) as to be thus, the

very vehicle of corruption, misery, and vice! Alas! how frequently does the bewitching, the inviting, the fascinating strains of fancy music, persuade the inexperienced and unthinking youth to spend long and entire nights in the giddy dance,—within the precincts of the enticing ball-room, or in the haunts of the theatre, that dazzling temple of licentiousness and dissipation, where, attracted by the syren muse, the melody falls upon the unsuspecting ear, tinctured with the inflaming poison of impure words, exciting the most evil passions of his nature, and administering in the most deceptive manner, the corroding canker, which may prove ruinous to all previous morality, and cause even death to the soul.

Another singular perversion of music, is its having been appropriated to the ignoble service of WAR! This is certainly a strange, and deplorable prostitution of this sacred gift;—yet, how remarkably its power is felt upon the field of battle! Amid the clash of resounding arms—the din of strife—mingled with the shrieks of the wounded—the moans of the dying, even though blood, like a running rivulet, is rushing across the field of carnage and desolation:—hark! when the spirit stirring tones of the bugle is heard; see! when the tones of the trumpet speak; behold! as the sound of the shrill clarion announces the call, "to arms!"—how the animated mass of living men rush on, like a mighty phalanx, heedless, to brave the enemy, and perhaps meet destruction; led by this mighty agent of thrilling sound;

whilst the devastated plain is made vocal with the long, loud shouts, of victory ! victory !

Our design, however, in this article, is to refer, more particularly, to what we conceive to be a perversion of this talent, as found in much of the new secular music of the present day.

The taste, it would seem, has sadly degenerated, when we review the flimsy and miserable compositions which are now thrown out at a steam-power rate, and eagerly sought after by the so-called "musical public."

It is merely requisite to announce by advertisement, that a new Polka or Ethiopian ballad, by some star, is just put out, to which the newspaper editor appends his puff, and the demand for the same is unlimited ! Then, in every fashionable circle, the voice of the lady amateur causes the parlor to echo with the strains of some melody, possessing much variety, *without music*, and the piano forte is made to ring with the most undignified compound of *hideous sounds*.

The truth is, that there exists a sort of mania, with regard to the popular demand for trashy and effeminate music, which may justly be classed as a disease ; the only antidote for which, is a refinement of sentiment, and a *true knowledge* of the original design of this beautiful art. What infliction of penance can equal the punishment, to which one of a cultivated ear may be subjected, than be obliged by the etiquette of society, to listen to the silly and mawkish lullabies of some sickly sentimental love ballad ? The objection is not perhaps to the *melody* so much, as to the unmeaning, and often ridiculous conjurings of words expressed throughout the song. The evil is so well covered, that frequently, many an educated young lady would blush at the insipidity of the stanzas, if divested of the music, and recited, instead of being sung.

We could furnish numerous examples to illustrate this ; but as it just recurs to

our mind, let us instance a few lines from one of the new and popular songs of the day, which doubtless many of our readers will readily recognize : Imagine some interesting Miss, with more affectation than musical expression, attempting to sing :—

"When you wear the jacket red, and beautiful cockade,  
Oh ! I fear you will forget all the promises you made ;  
With the gun upon your shoulder, and the bayonet by your side,  
You'll be taking some proud lady, and making her your bride."

We do not object to *poetry*, but are always inclined to feel nervous, whenever we find specimens of "prose run mad."

This class of songs, being incapable of analysis, we acknowledge cannot do any other injury, than beget a taste for a species of light and trifling music, which tends to destroy its true mission, and substitute a *false* and *perverted taste*.

Another class of songs which are equally objectionable when performed by ladies, are those of a masculine, or warlike nature. How much out of place to hear some delicate female voice, singing such pieces as "Homeward Bound," "The Sea," "March to the Battle Field," "The Captive Knight," "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," "Rockaway," &c.

Without any doubt, there is a multitude of musical compositions to be procured, expressing the sentiments of religion, friendship, the social and domestic blessings of sweet home, and a boundless range of similar subjects, without seeking for songs, wholly unsuitable to the virtuous character and well disciplined mind.

But the class, apparently most popular, and still more objectionable, and endangering to good morals, are those which belong to the "Ethiopian" catalogue. It is truly surprising how this false kind of musical literature finds such general favor ; and it augurs but poorly for any improvement either in sentiment or morals, at least from *their* influence.

How intelligent, or rather, how supremely ridiculous, a young lady appears to the observation of a social company of friends, entertaining them by singing a *negro song*!

How appropriate for the fashionable drawing room, such musical burlesques, as "Lovely Nell," "Dearest Mae," "Uncle Ned," "Long Time Ago," "Rosa Lee," "Jim Crack Corn," "Carry Me Back," "Dandy Jim," "Blue Tail Fly," and a hundred others. How simple, and like an object of pity, an otherwise interesting young lady, appears to the casual observer, who delights in the performance of such a brainless compound of the poor *African's* english.

Listen to the agreeable melody,—how expressive!—

I jump'd aboard de telegraph, and trabelled down  
de river,  
De 'lectric fluid magnified, and killed four hundred  
nigga;  
De bulgine bust, de horse run off, I really thought  
to die,  
I shut my eyes, to hold my breath, "Susannah,  
don't you cry."

But again:—Miss Arabella is kindly requested to favor the company with the much admired ballad "Lucy Long." Silence reigns! Disturb not the shades of Cowper,—call not into comparison the effusions of Byron, or Moore! Hark!—

"Oh the wind blew o'er the ocean, the squirrel  
lost his tail,  
I'd laugh to see Queen Victoria, a sitting on a  
rail.  
Oh! my Lucy she is handsome, her breath is rather  
strong,  
Her heels stick out six feet, her voice is like a  
gong," &c.

The same young lady selects another choice favorite, called "Jin, of Ole Virginny," and sings thus:—

"Oh, down in de tobacco state,  
Dar is a colored virgin,  
Dat makes dis nigga's bosom beat,  
Jist like a new kotch'd sturgeon:—

Her wool am soft as silk ob corn,  
Her breath as sweet as possum,  
An' when she ope's her eyes at morn,  
Dar like a bacca blossom."

Such is a sample of some of the popular Ethiopian ballads, assuring our readers, that we have even omitted the worst. We hesitate not, therefore, to brand the free circulation of such sentiments, attached to music, as an evil, deserving the discountenance of all friends to pure morality.

Some persons may tell us, for a plea, that they are designed as *comic*. We merely reply, if comic songs are necessary, or demanded by the public, let then prudent discrimination be used in their publication, that they may, at least, be *decent*.

We own, as a lamentable fact, that *such music* is even encouraged by many otherwise intelligent individuals; but, we fear, simply because it ministers to the amusement of the moment; forgetting the powerful influence the words and sentiments exert at the same time, by creating a relish for genteel immorality,—a levity, and utter disregard for things serious or divine.

Let it be remembered, that the young mind, in which moral poison has been gradually infused by improper thoughts, even though *conveyed* by musical sounds, will most probably continue to increase, and renewedly vibrate by a constant longing which may become irresistible, and blunt the sensibilities against the reception of good impressions, ever after.

Let those then, who may have the interest of the young daughter at heart, reflect;—ponder seriously on this matter, and guard them, that false impressions are not made by the *influence of music*, which in maturer years may exhibit its effects as a blighting mildew, the cure of which will be difficult and even doubtful.

## A SKETCH BY THE CAPTAIN.—THE PIRATE.

EIGHTEEN years ago, the ship I commanded was dancing over the waves on a mission of mercy. Laden by the generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verdes, with bread, for the famine-stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailor's heart, than those which were bent above us; pleasanter gales never bent the sails of the sea journeyer, than those which sped us on to the haven where we should be; "and now may God have the good ship in his holy keeping." the prayer which concluded the old English bill of lading, had been heard and granted—we felt, who trod the deck of our stout craft, whose errand it was to succor the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the forecastle, and often in the cabin. Sailors, who are often so hungry, liable at any time to be put upon short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landmen, how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker.

It is now the fourteenth day out—just in the first grey of the morning, that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light, the vigilant officer had descried her, and she was so near as to be clearly made out without a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the stranger almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing as I spoke, "there is nothing suspicious in that lubbar-looking craft. She is a Portuguese brigantine; she can't sail."

"She looks like one of that build," the mate answered, "but she is built for sailing, and she'll spread canvass in a wind like this, that'll send her skimming like a gull over the sea. And look, now, at the men on her deck!"

"Give me the glass, I can see nothing on her decks."

Only one glance through the telescope was enough to satisfy me that the mate was right. The vessel was sharp built, and of light draught, and rigged like a brigantine. Her masts raked very slightly; besides the canvass usual to such a rig, she was fitted to carry a lugger sail, which, spread before the wind, would add to her speed. In addition, she was pierced to twenty-two sweeps. Her decks were crowded with men.

"Its no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said, "but she may not be a pirate for all that. One may not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabout."

"She's no slaver, captain."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on her deck, instead of water-casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in," I replied.

"Then why does she carry so many guns on deck? If without a cargo, her guns should be below; if with one, there should be water casks on deck. If that ain't a pirate, captain, I never swam in the Kennebec river, and salmon ain't good eating."

As if to put an end to our speculations, and clear up the mystery, the suspicious vessel began to spread more canvass, and as she gathered way with the freshening breeze, there ran up her foremast a flag, which, when it reached the truck, unshook its folds in the wind. On a white

field, we saw the terrible insignia of the free-booter, the death's head and cross-bones—painted in black.

"I thought so," said Mr. Larkin, quietly, "and the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you, Mr. Larkin?" I asked.

"An old horse pistol, and the lock out of order."

"And I have only a fowling piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms with us."

"Yes, cut our throats and administer on our effects afterwards," replied the mate, as he walked forward.

We made all the sail we could, but fifteen minutes satisfied me that escape was impossible. The report of a heavy gun from the pirate, and a ball whistling over us, speedily brought us to. The pirate came quietly along, like a panther, which, sure of its prey, was in no great haste to seize it.

The moment he came within speaking distance, he hailed and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got out the quarter boat, and I was about to jump in her, to pay my respects in person to the villains, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let 'em send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on deck of the pirate, when he again appeared on the rail, and descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost at the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprung, and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterward they were on board of my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy looking fellow, whose square, compact frame indicated strength, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin

hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in very fair English.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes."

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour."

"Where from?"

"Boston."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verd."

"Why they are all starving there," he said, opening his eyes, and looking full at me.

"Yes, and the flour in my vessel was freely given by Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned towards his men, who by this time, had broken into the main hatch, and in a rough commanding tone, spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing curiously towards their captain, for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hands behind him, and walked to and fro quickly, for about five minutes; then he said, sharply, turning round to me,

"You Americans are all heretics, why should you send flour to feed the starving Catholics?"

"Because they are all fellow men, and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried, with a fierceness which startled me, "if you lie to me, I'll nail you to your own deck. Is this cargo the free gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he returned, "Swear it by the Saviour whose name you have just pronounced," and as he spoke, he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear it by the Holy Trinity," I replied solemnly.

The pirate lifted up his cap, and bent his head devoutly, when I mentioned the Trinity.

The man stood still, his head bent over, while one might moderately count fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me that there was less ferocity in his countenance. The eyes were no longer half closed, but open, and clearer in their depths. I looked at him.

"Captain," he said, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boats. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side; but he lingered behind, and after a moment's hesitation, as though he had half

repented of his resolution, and was ashamed of what he was doing, approached to me with his hand extended.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone. It is very probable that the piratical rascal was afterwards hung, as no doubt he deserved to be. But, however terrible his fate, I am sure that from the depth of his heart, seared and hardened by crime, and self-desecrated, there burst forth a little warm glimmer of light, which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved, though it could not entirely dispel, the gloom of the dying hour.